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MISSIONARY HORIZONS

At New Wilmington Missionary Conference OCTOBER, 1954

Photo by Marguerite Kyle

MISSIONARY HORIZONS

(Former name—Women's Missionary Magazine)

A Monthly Magazine (Bi-Monthly, July-August) published by the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America
906 Publication Building, 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Member of the Associated Church Press

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. "Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, authorized February 14, 1934."

Subscription Price $1.50 a Year

Obituaries — 20¢ a printed line

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Pictures in the MAGAZINE furnished from the Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund

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COVER PICTURE—The Foreign Secretary, Mrs. Arthur B. McBride and outgoing career WGMS missionaries who attended the 1954 New Wilmington Missionary Conference. Left to right, standing: Miss Faith E. Hamilton, Mrs. Arthur B. McBride, Miss Norma Lee Squires. Seated: Miss Gene A. Purdy, Miss Mary L. Markley. Miss Purdy has gone to Pakistan, the other three girls to Egypt.

The Touch of Human Hands

Among the hills of Galilee,
Through crowded city ways,
The Christ of God went forth to heal
And bless in olden days.
The sinning and the sad of heart
In anxious throngs were massed
To catch the Great Physician's eye
And touch Him as He passed.
We have not in our hours of need
His seamless garment pressed,
Nor felt His tender human hand
On us in blessing rest.

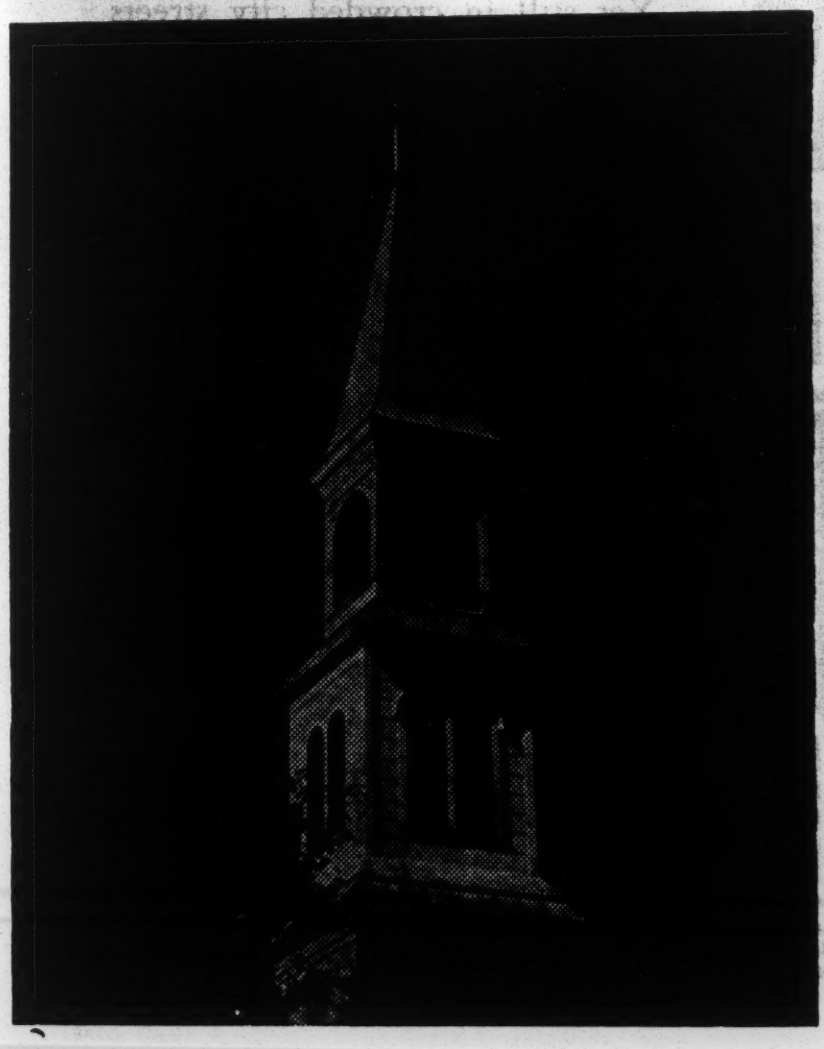
Yet still in crowded city streets
The Christ goes forth again,
Whenever touch of human hand
Bespeaks good will to men.
Whenever man his brother man
Upholds in helpfulness;
Whenever strong and tender clasp
A lonely heart doth bless,
The Christ of God is answering
A stricken world's demands
And leading back a wandering race
By touch of human hands.

Alice M. Kyle

A Little Time Apart

Spires and Minarets

To busy cities of Spires and Minarets Christ's messengers still go to heal and teach and preach in His name.



Missionary Horizons

Vol. LXVIII October 1954 No. 2

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD

WORSHIP SERVICE by MRS. VIRGIL M. COSBY, Cleveland, Ohio

CHRIST, THE FOUNDATION
(I Corinthians 3:11).

Scripture: Matt. 21:10; Heb. 11:10.

Song-of-the-Month: "Come, Ye Thankful People Come." SCW 303.

Meditation: Everyone will admit the importance of placing a solid foundation under a building. No sensible builder would think of using weak and shoddy material in a foundation of any structure. In building a bridge almost as much time is employed in putting down the foundation as is used in putting up the superstructure. And the very best material is used because the foundation must stand against the constant rush of water.

In the commercial realm no solid fiscal system can be built without the foundation of real values beneath it. Our own checking accounts prove that. We cannot draw from the bank any more than we have deposited.

In the academic world an adequate foundation must be laid by a mastery of the elementary studies.

We are very particular about a solid foundation for a house; about a solid basis under an economic structure; about a mastery of subject material for an education; but too often we think anything is good enough for the foundation of a spiritual life.

Jesus graphically pictured the kind of foundation that is necessary to withstand the winds, the rains, and the floods of life. Like a house built upon the rock, the enduring foundation is that into which Christ is built. It is the wise man who, Jesus said, "hears these words of mine and does them." But "every one who hears these words of mine and does not do them, is like the foolish man who built his house upon the sand," it as unstable as its shifting foundation.

The only true and adequate foundation for our faith and hope is Jesus Christ. If we build upon Christ, the Rock Foundation, nothing can sway us nor shake us—our faith will be secure. Christ said, "Have faith in God" and it is in the power of that faith that real security lies.

Two little Japanese girls of Tokyo compared experiences after an earthquake. The one had gone with her parents to the Buddhist temple where immense throngs, silent and hopeless, had passed before the idols. She said, "Our parents just looked at the gods and scowled." The other little girl had attended a service held by a Christian missionary. She said, "We prayed and then we looked up to God and sang,

'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word;'"

The church spire pointing heavenward brings to mind the precious truth of another wonderful hymn:

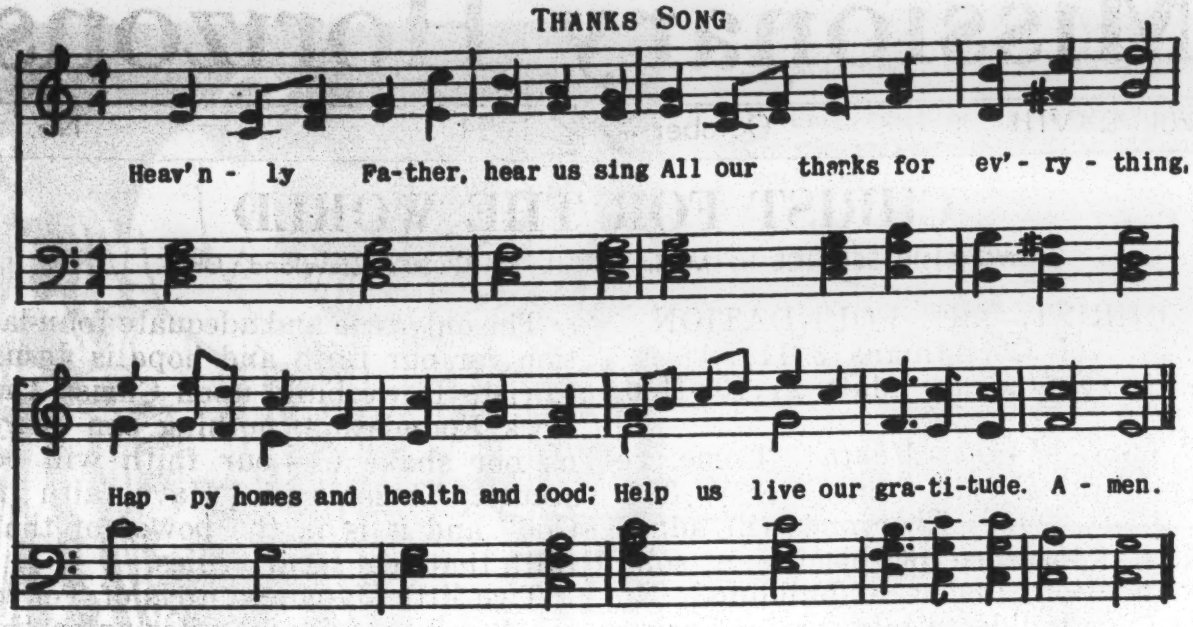
"The Church's one Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died."

The minaret gives forth the call to prayer but what an empty call!

With Christ as our foundation we can "rejoice in the Lord always." We need to remember to "have no anxiety about anything but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let our requests be made known to God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding will keep our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus."

"No other foundation can anyone lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

Prayer.


THANKS SONG
Heav'n - ly Fa-ther, hear us sing All our thanks for ev'- ry - thing,
Hap - py homes and health and food; Help us live our gra-ti-tude. A - men.

Permission given by Charles L. Ziegler C.L. Ziegler, 1953

ONE DAY FOR GRATITUDE?

By REVEREND JOHN W. SKILLINGS, Portage, Wisconsin

THE other day someone looked at me with lifted eyebrows. And as our conversation progressed, his consternation became more visibly expressed. I suppose he could not believe his ears. Probably his gray matter was in the midst of churning out many hurried and tangled reasons for this upstart's radical doctrine. Again I thought to myself that he thought, "Here is a really odd one; where in the world did he get such a ludicrous idea."

Maybe you, too, would like to hear my idea. You know, actually, this idea has taken hold, but no one has put it down in words. We are approaching Thanksgiving Day. I understand that this is a day set aside every year, in which to give thanks to God. Now, don't you think that this is wrong? Isn't it rather strange to give thanks on one day in each year? Isn't one life extremely short? I believe that it is wrong to give thanks one day a year! I believe that life is extremely short! (Here it is; the idea for which you have been patiently waiting.) So—why wouldn't it be better to set aside one day within each lifetime to be a Thanksgiving Day in which to give gratitude to God. Surely God gets tired of hearing the same words expressed once a year. Surely God tires of the same traditional family dinners and worship services. Surely He does not expect us to take time out from our many duties just for this occasion. Look how much time we waste when we could be working. If only one day within our life were spent in giving thanks to God how we would look forward to that day. This would be *the* day! What great preparations we would make for the celebration. What excitement and joy there would be.

This would be the day of days when we thank God for his blessings. Our hearts would be thrilled with spirit-filled emotion. Our minds would reach up to grasp the wisdom from on high. It would be our day alone —one day alone before God. In this one day we would present our lives before God in thanksgiving for His abundant goodness. Yes, this would be the Day.

Now God will not become tired over the sameness of a traditional thanksgiving prayer each year, or the dinner or the worship. This would all be eliminated. We would no longer worry God about all this fuss each year and we would not have to waste useless energy by getting ready for

Thanksgiving Day. We could pick out one day that would really be a day.

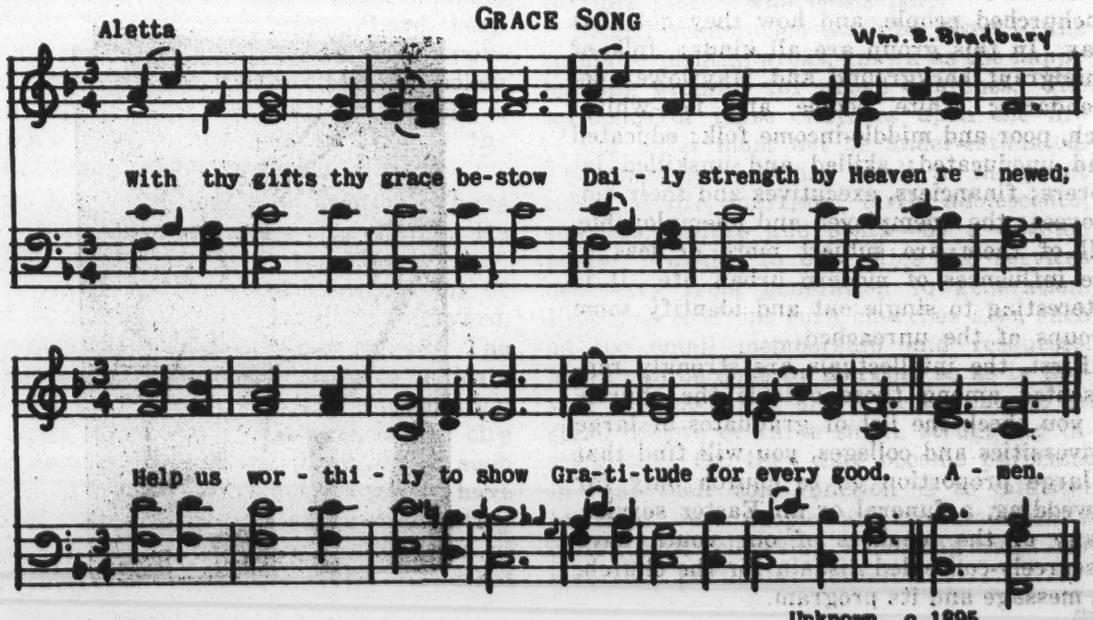
"But, No!" you cry out in concern! How could we ever thank God in one day for all the blessings of a lifetime. Besides, if there were only one day of our life on which we thought of giving thanks to God, that day would never come; we would never think to give thanks.

So we realize that each day is a thanksgiving day. For each day is the time to express our thanks—not only at home in our secret closets of prayer, but also as we assemble together in the great fellowship of worship. For it is appropriate and right to give thanks alone in quiet solitude and also to let the heart soar to the mountain top of appreciation in joyful praise together. Not that we do not audibly speak thanks daily to God for all His benefits (one who does less than this is cheating himself of the real joy of thanksgiving), but it is more than that, and besides, it is because of our daily thanksgiving and His blessings each day that we want especially to give thanks.

For thanksgiving prompts the heart to a realization that again we find much for which to be thankful. If you do not think so, stop. Stop to record on paper all your unfortunate situations. . . . And so you find that your joy outweighs your sorrow (unless you have a perverted sense of gratefulness). The small kindnesses of good neighbors, the love of husband and wife, the return of a son, the progress of our children, the fine harvest weather, the fact that God has given us another opportunity to better our lives, help in time of deep need, the freedom and responsibility we enjoy in our country, the comfort of our homes, the beauty of the landscape, the thrill of watching a spirited horse gallop over the hillside, the joy of work, the comfort that we can serve Christ not only in health but also in sickness, the warmth of spirit and helpfulness of worship, the living presence of Christ . . . and the record will grow, for this is only a very partial list.

So it is that the words of the Twenty-third Psalm " . . . My cup runneth over," speak much meaning to us. For our joy and thanksgiving is more than we can keep, for it literally runs over. It runs over and wants to share with others our good fortune and when we do this we find that we have even more joy, for real joy is shared. Thus our real joy becomes complete as we share with God as we give Him thanks. Thanks for filling our cup, our life, so full that we cannot even held all His goodness.

So we see that it is strange to give thanks on only one day a year. Each day is Thanksgiving Day.

GRACE SONG

Aletta
Wm. B. Bradbury
With thy gifts thy grace be-stow Dai - ly strength by Heaven re - newed;
Help us wor - thi - ly to show Gra-ti-tude for every good. A - men.

Unknown, c. 1895

MAN AND GOD IN THE CITY

By KENNETH D. MILLER, Executive Director of New York City Mission
Reviewed by MRS. W. E. BLAKE, Philadelphia, Pa.

IN September *Missionary Horizons* you read a review of the first half of *Man and God in the City*. You read of existing conditions in city life and why some of those conditions exist. Much has been done, yet there is much to do for the poor, the wicked, the sad and the lonely. It is often said, "God made the country, but man made the city." Is not God at work, too, in the American city? He works largely through the city church.

Dr. Miller points out, "There are two sides to city life. On the one hand, the city stands for all that is evil—a city that is full of devils, foul and corrupting; and on the other hand, the city stands for all that is noble, full of the glory of God, shining with a clear and brilliant light."

With this thought in mind, let us review together the last half of Dr. Miller's book —the half about God in the city.

A church does not simply have a missionary society, it is a missionary society. It not only believes in evangelism and supports it elsewhere, it is an evangelizing agency right where it is, else it has no warrant to bear the name "Christian."

In our American cities those outside the church are almost as numerous as those inside.

Let us consider some of these unreached, unchurched people, and how they got that way. In this group are all kinds: folk of immigrant background and Mayflower descendants; white people and non-white; rich, poor and middle-income folk; educated and uneducated; skilled and unskilled laborers; financiers, executives and their employees; the unemployed and unemployable. All of them are subject more or less to the influences of modern urban life. It is interesting to single out and identify some groups of the unreached.

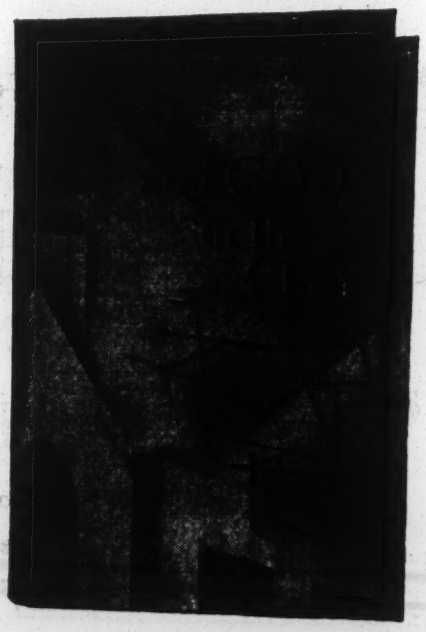
First, the intellectuals are strongly represented among those outside the church. If you check the list of graduates of large universities and colleges, you will find that a large proportion go to church only for a wedding, a funeral or an Easter service. Many of the teachers of our youth have a scarcely-concealed disdain for the church, its message and its program.

A second group widely represented among those outside the church is organized labor. Sometimes many members of labor unions are on our church rolls, but there is scanty representation on church boards, giving the impression to these folk that the Protestant church is for upper or middle class with little or no interest in the struggles and aspirations of labor.

In the third place, the depressed groups in our cities are heavily represented in the unchurched group. A large percentage of the Negroes, for example, Mexicans in the Southwest, Puerto Ricans in our northern cities, people on relief, the masses crowded into the tenements in our larger cities, and the people who live "on the other side of the tracks" in our smaller cities, seem to feel that the churches have no interest in them and no program to meet their needs.

The fourth group is composed of people of all classes and conditions who might be called passive pagans, They will say they believe in God. They do not oppose the church; they just stay away from it and plan their lives with no reference to religion.

Then there is a group to be dealt with that may be classed as wistful pagans. They are beginning to discover that political and economic problems can be solved only on a moral basis, and are becoming skeptical of the satisfaction of materialism. They feel lost in the mob, lost in their jobs, lost in a society that seems to grow ever more impersonal and indifferent. They



hunger for the experience of a personal faith.

To continue these thoughts I shall insert a paragraph from the book *When*:

"The world is at the church door waiting for a word of spiritual help. Few churches have more people in them than around them. The local church has not performed its God-intended function when it has carried on a service of worship for an hour on Sunday morning. Just outside its walls are families, individuals, and children in need of Christ and care. To reach them needs no new language but the language of Christ's love."

An illustration of this truth is the story "Beside a Church Garden," also from *When*. This story took place on a hot Sunday evening—"too hot to stay at home, too hot to go anywhere. But maybe a saunter through the streets would be better than remaining alone in a stuffy furnished room."

The girl from the rooming house was walking when she heard a voice singing, "Hear ye, Israel." Hurrying, she caught up with a crowd of interested onlookers and listeners—gathered outside the iron railings of a church garden. Inside the open gate a group of people sat, listening to a choir led by a woman, break into "O Splendor of God's Glory Bright" then "Lord, for Thy Tender Mercies' Sake." The listeners joined in the singing of "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

The minister invited all present to pray silently, each for the things nearest his heart. After a few minutes, "Lord, keep us safe this night, secure from all our fears," came as a closing song.

"The girl from the rooming house walked on down the street, climbed the interminable stairs to her hot attic room. 'Lord, keep us safe this night,' she hummed, her loneliness dispelled, though she had not spoken to a human soul, only paused beside a church's garden and heard, through the music, God's comforting voice."

Dr. Miller explains how location affects the missionary task of the city church. He speaks of the church in the "inner city". Most visitors to our cities know nothing of such a section. It is the city's backyard, of which most cities are not proud. The "inner city" is the name used to indicate the area that has the greatest accumulation of social needs. It is that area of the city that houses the poor and needy. It is such areas that our Protestant churches have failed. We Protestants are concentrating much of our attention upon the task of churching new residential areas. But what

of the older sections of the city? The ministry of the church in the inner-city area cannot be fenced in. Inclusiveness is pertinent where the population is mixed. It must have a concern for social righteousness. People living in slums are often overcome with the feeling of hopelessness. Some churches are addressing themselves to this condition with courage and vision, and are proving themselves true friends of Jesus by becoming the friends of the lowliest and the lost. But where some are friendly service centers, others are closed except for the regular services. Or, if they are open, it is hard to find the minister, past all the doors, up all the stairs, and past the guarding secretary or sexton. This is why Neighborhood Houses, Homes of Friendly Service, and Christian Centers have become important. They stand open and welcoming, a center of genuine friendliness to "any bloke" who needs help.

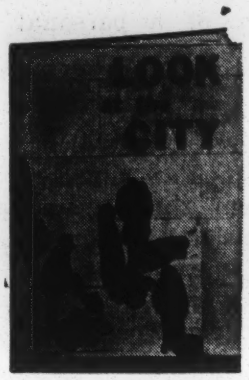
Brief consideration must be given to the stable residential areas, known as the happy hunting grounds for urban churches. The influence of these churches upon the life of our cities must not be under-estimated. The meeting of human needs in the great crises of life, marriage, birth, adolescence, sickness, failure and death—by a devoted pastor provides to our cities the services necessary from generation to generation. Problems confront such churches also, such as too small membership and resources. Much can be done by merging so as to provide one good-sized and effective church instead of two or three small, struggling institutions. Or, they may become parochial in that their sole function is to minister to their own people and to maintain a closely knit fellowship, excluding those outside that particular church.

Neither favorable location nor great pastoral leadership was responsible for the reception of 745 new members into the Mt. Olivet Lutheran Church of Minneapolis in a recent year. Results came from the conception of the church as an evangelizing agency and from effective organization. "This church subscribes to a weekly bulletin listing all removals in the city. It secures names of prospects from the Federation of Churches, from the denominational transfer department, from the newspapers, from the cards filled out by new attendants at church, and from the members of the church itself. These prospects are called upon by couples from the church who are trained for such work. A large committee is constantly on the alert for new members." This is one example cited by our author to show the outreach of an active Christian church, prepared to meet the changes in an average residential area.

We pass from the "inner city" to the better residential area and on to the suburbs. Whether an old residential suburb, a new community or an industrial suburb, it constitutes for the Protestant churches of America a great challenge and opportunity. It is encouraging to learn of suburban churches accepting a definite responsibility for Christian work in the inner city, not by financial contributions alone, but by accepting an inner-city project as its own, acquainting its members with the problems of the city, and leading them to render personal service in the inner city.

All types of people characterize suburban life. Yet these types can be met and dealt with when the pastor sets up objectives as one pastor did. His objectives are: "To preach, teach, and live the life of Christ; to get Christianity understood, accepted and embodied in public life; to build a working sample of Christian brotherhood; to develop a thoughtful loyalty to the church; to invade and overcome careless paganism in the lives of twentieth-century, hurrying people; to relate worship more vitally to the inspiration of the vocations, the community burdens and family life. . . . A plant, a plan, a purpose, a purse and a program, all expressed through consecrated personalities and centered about the Great Personality is the sine qua non of a suburban as well as of the urban church."

Surely now we are ready for the question, "What can I do?" Before we can answer this one there are several others to be answered, as, "What does my church mean to me?" "What do I expect of my church and my minister?" "What can I contribute



to the program of my church?" "Does God speak to me of evangelism as He sees the hurrying crowds that unheeding pass the church?" "Does God speak to me of stewardship when He thinks of the slum residents of His city?" "Do I, like Isaiah, hear God calling "Who will go for me?"

To answer, we must study our community, appraise the ministry of our church, study the home-mission program, acquaint ourselves with the interdenominational aspects of city church work. When we study our hearts and these problems—we will be convinced that the church is here not to be overcome by the world, but to overcome the world. We must not say, "We cannot." Rather, our souls are to rise and say, "By the help of God, we can."

"And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God." Our chief concern is to make God real to city people and to that end to avail ourselves of the resources of strength, vision, and faith that come only from Him. This vision has been fulfilled in countless city churches because a host of men and women can rise up to testify, "I found God in that church."

"Here am I, send me," said Isaiah. "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," said Paul. That is first-hand religion.

"Ah, Church of Christ, if you really believe the Christian gospel—God behind us, his cause committed to us, his power available for us—then proclaim it, live it, implement it, for humanity's hope depends upon it."

SUGGESTED PROGRAMS ON THE CITY STUDY—

By MRS W. E. BLAKE

1. A regular book review using stories from *When* for specific illustrations.
2. Panel discussion—The leader would be the one who had read and digested the book. The panel would consist of members of the missionary society, or church, who would be acquainted with city needs and would be asked to discuss and give own

opinions of points brought out in the book.

3. Have different groups visit various sections and churches of the city. Have them report their findings in agreement or disagreement with the book. One or two evenings could be used thus. (a) Have a brief review of book, then reports by committees. (b) Have book review and the tours would be a follow-up to be reported at the next meeting.

4. Compare city life as shown in *Man and God in the City* with actual stories used from the book *When*. Have young people tell the stories in the first person.

5. Have one person give book review up to the last chapter. Then have the whole group help answer such questions as have been included in the last part of review and others taken from the book. At such a meeting a good plan should be worked out for your own church and you.

6. Use "Dick's Discovery" a filmstrip in black and white, 60 frames, $3.00.

7. In connection with review, or as a follow-up, use "The City Story," B and W. 44 minutes. Rental $12.00. Local audio-visual headquarters carry it, also our U. P. Audio-Visual Dept., 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

OUR GREATEST PROBLEM

By MRS. LOYAL OSBORN, Dearborn, Mich.

In thinking of the many problems in a city the size of Detroit, the most pressing one at present seems to me to be juvenile delinquency, centered around our youth of today who will be the citizens of tomorrow.

Every study of juvenile delinquency leads to the conclusion that the broken home is a major cause for emotional upheaval in the lives of the children. Thinking people everywhere are saying that modern youth lacks moral training and leaders are trying to devise means to remedy this lack. Schools, churches and other agencies can help, but before any of these agencies, good as they may be, must come the institution to which God has given prime responsibility for training youth—*"The Home."*

It is every child's right to receive moral training in his own home from his own parents. The hope of any city depends upon the proportion of the children who are so trained.

A great handicap to modern youth is the widespread lack of respect for standards, the tendency to question everything, including religious faith. The need of the hour is *homes*, in which children from earliest infancy are taught the principles of the Christian religion as a safe foundation on which to meet the storms of life.

Many of the public schools in our city have been damaged, to the extent of several thousand dollars, by juveniles, not for gain out of it, but for the thrill of it. Many of these teenagers do come from broken homes, but also many from the better-class homes.

In the building of homes we must as in all building, build a good, solid foundation. When whole families live with the realization that God is a member of the family circle where they never do or say things that will shut Him out of their homes and where He is made a welcome part of the family, juvenile delinquency will decrease.

Suppose you, in Seattle, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Chicago, Des Moines, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New York, Philadelphia, Washington . . . or in whatever city you live, are asked to analyze the greatest problem in your city. What will you say? What will you do to meet the needs of the people who are causes or victims of that problem?—Editor

---

Lord of the quiet heart, who knew the sound
Of raging streets with anger loud,
Yet walked serene in faith that saw
Beyond the blindness of the crowd—
Help us to find the even way
Through all the clamour of this day.

—Arthur W. Peach

A Typical City of Egypt

CAIRO

By BEATRICE H. McCLELLAN, Luxor, Egypt

"Palaces and parks, the Citadel of Saladin, royal houseboats on the Nile, plus hobos, hovels, and homeless! That's Cairo! Hurrying, scurrying, flurrying folks! Raring, blaring, glaring traffic! That's Cairo! Three notable universities, plus marked illiteracy! That's Cairo! The Mena House where world destinies are decided, and the Mouski market where mother-of-pearl is peddled! That's Cairo! A city of round domes, of tall spires, of crescents and of crosses, of Moslem mosques and of Christian churches! That's Cairo!"

EVERY visitor to Cairo is no doubt struck with the contrasts in the city. In the streets every type of dress is seen—long robes, black dresses and veils and western dress for both men and women. Yes, there are cars of every make, American and European, and camels and donkeys carrying their loads in the same streets. There are large department stores, with glass fronts and showing the latest French styles——also the small one-room native shops and the street peddlers. Just off the main streets are mud ones lined with apartment houses which have small shops of various kinds below; dozens of children play hop-scotch and other games; six or eight-year-old girls tend their baby brother or sister in the dirt; donkey carts bring produce to sell (a basket is lowered by a rope from the balcony above and a bargain is made); the Coca Cola box is at the corner; and a car honks its way through the crowded street. Some streets are so narrow that the balconies almost meet. The beautiful mushrabiya work often found on the balconies in years past is disappearing. (Mushrabiya is a latticed window made of wood and inlaid with mother-of-pearl.)

Cairo, a city of nearly two million people, covers an area of eight square miles and lies five miles on the east bank of the Nile. The oldest section, known as Old Cairo, has its narrow streets and retains the Oriental flavor. The newer section also along the Nile and farther north is more modern.

Across the river from old Cairo is the island of Roda. And over another bridge we enter Gazira, where the seat of the Egyptian University and a fine zoological garden are found. Maadi, south on the Nile, is a residential suburb where many of the English and American folk live. Heliopolis is another growing suburb and is located near the Egyptian and International airports on the edge of the desert.

Cairo is a transit center for goods such as cotton, sugar and grain. There are few industries for such a large population; paper mills, sugar refineries, cigarette and textile factories are found. The making of souvenirs sold in the Mouski, the native market, provides work for many people.

The visitor may see many lovely sights in the city. From the Citadel of Saladin and Mokattam Hills one gets a view of Cairo long to be remembered. A ride down the palm-lined streets along the Nile and the beauty one beholds as he crosses the Nile on the several bridges are never-to-be-forgotten experiences. Certainly the large impressive Abdin Palace, a past center of the royalty, and the magnificent grounds of Kubbah Palace would be seen from the gateway. As one travels around Cairo famous landmarks would be missed; one of these is Shepheard's Hotel, destroyed in the fire three years ago, which has not been replaced as have many other buildings. Passing through the railway station square the statue of a woman unveiling her face, the Renaissance, would be noticed. This statue is symbolic of a great awakening among women in Egypt. A short visit to the Cairo Museum would not be sufficient to see the great number of articles of Ancient Egypt; no one would miss the great quantity from King Tut's tomb.

The Opera Square would be included in a visit. More than 80 years ago the Khedive had a fine Opera House built. At his request Verdi composed the opera, *Aida*, depicting Old Egypt. It is produced nearly every year in this Opera House and is a delight to audiences.

To end the day dinner in the roof garden of the lovely Samiramas Hotel on the bank of the Nile is a delightful treat.

Like most cities its history may be told by the ancient landmarks seen there today. The Romans built a fortress which was conquered in 641; it is believed that part of that remains on the east side of the city. In 968 it was conquered for the Fatamite caliph. The Arabic word for the Victorious, el Kahira, has been corrupted

*Quoted from "Doctor of the Happy Landing," by Kellersberger.

Cairo, City of Minarets

into the word "Cairo."

The names of the city streets and midans (squares) also tell recent history of Egypt. Such names as Soloman Pasha, Ismailia, Mohammed Ali are given to midans in the city where we find statues of these men who fought for their country. Fouad, Ibrahim, Sultan Hassan and other names of famous historical figures are the streets of Cairo.

Two gates to the old city remain—Bab en Nasr on the north wall and Bab ez Zuwela on the south wall. The latter of these was uncovered in 1901. Several towers of fortress remain along the old walls of the city and take us back nearly 1000 years.

Perhaps the oldest site in Cairo is the group of pyramids at Gizah on the outskirts of the city on the west bank of the Nile. The Pyramid of Cheops or the Great Pyramid, one of the seven Wonders of the World, covers an area of twelve acres and remains a wonder to those who see this largest structure built by man.

The famous mosques of Cairo tell its history as well as give us fine Moslem architecture. One of the earliest in use today is Ibn Tulun erected in 879. It is noted for the pointed arches and the spiral staircase on the outside of the minaret. The Sultan Hassan is the finest for grandeur and beauty, dating from the middle of the 14th century. El Azhar is a mosque of the 10th century and contains the chief theological school of the Moslem world. The latest of significance is the Mohammed Ali in the citadel. These among about 500 mosques in the city are both old and new having a particular historical and architectural significance.

The Christian Church takes no small part in the history of Cairo. An old Christian colony dwells in Old Cairo; five Coptic churches give evidence of the long existence of these Christian groups. A very old and famous one of these is Abu Serga in which is a crypt dating from the sixth century and dedicated to Sitt Miriam (Saint Mary). Tradition says that in the flight to Egypt the virgin and Child rested there. Another interesting church is known as the Hanging Church built in one of the towers of the Roman gateway. Near these churches is the Coptic museum which contains articles of the early church. An Arab story of tradition is that it was in the part of the Nile near Old Cairo that Moses was found in the bulrushes.

In the section called Mataria is a large sycamore tree venerated as where the Holy Family rested on their flight to Egypt. (The present tree is the successor of a tree which decayed in 1665.)

The religions of the city have been mentioned historically. Since the Arab conquest the greater percentage of people is Moslem but the ancient Coptic Church survived that conquest and remains today. Cairo is the seat of the patriarch of this church and of the Greek Church as well. This cosmopolitan city has Greek, Armenian, Syrian and Roman churches. There are also synagogues for the Jewish people.

In the middle of the 19th century the United Presbyterian Church began its work in Cairo. The American Mission has its main offices near Ezbekieh Gardens in the heart of the city. In this same building there is the Girls' School on one side and the Boys' School on the other. The American Church sanctuary and a small chapel

are between. This building serves as residences and a meeting place for several Christian groups also. The largest school of the Mission is the American College for Girls in another part of the city; many girls from influential families receive their education there. Near by is Fowler Home where about 50 girls live and go to school. The students and graduates who go out from these schools take places of leadership in the social, political and religious life of Egypt.

Besides the American Mission in the city there are English Missions which have their schools and a hospital all seeking to win souls for the Kingdom and to teach the Christian way of life.

As the result of the Mission work through the years the Evangelical Church has been established. There are now about twenty congregations of that church in the city teaching and bearing their witness of God's love in Christ as Savior for all men.

"That's the power of Christ in Cairo!

City Street Vendors in Cairo

A Typical City of Pakistan-India

SIALKOT

By MRS. J. G. CAMPBELL, Grove City, Pa., Retired Missionary, India-Pakistan

FAR to the north of the great subcontinent in the province of Punjab in the new nation of Pakistan is the city of Sialkot, the center of our United Presbyterian Mission and church.

The origin of this city is so far back in history that there are no definite records of it. Tradition tells us that one—Rana Shal—founded it. At the time of Christ it was the capital of Raja Risalu, a renowned Punjabi hero, subject of a thousand legends.

Sialkot, on the broad fertile plains of a province of Kashmir and Jammu.

Sialkot used to be the winter seat of the government officers for Kashmir and one can speculate as to whether this may be the source of the name Sialkot. Sial means cold and Kot means place—the winter place!

During British occupation there was a large military station in the Contonment with wide, hard-surfaced roads, parade grounds and barracks. Many troops were quartered there even from the beginning of our mission history. The sound of bands

A street scene, Sialkot

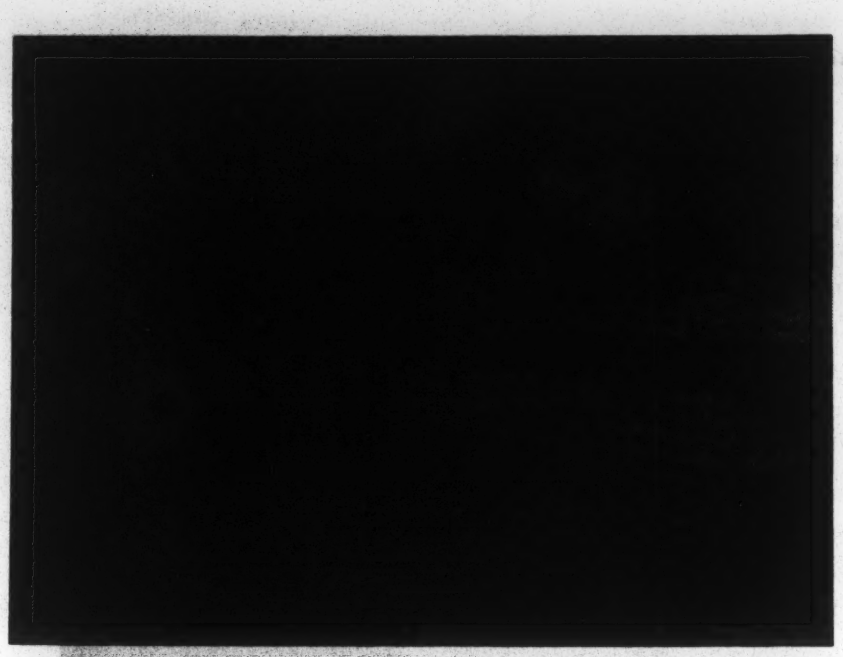
section of the Punjab known as the garden area of the Five Rivers, is a busy, thriving city. It is the political center of Sialkot Civil District, and the court with its many officials and lawyers during the court sessions is the scene of great activity. Many lawyers have out-door meeting places and the crowds of would-be litigants and their friends rounded up by the various agents, presents a lively picture. The majority of the clients seem to be dressed in the usual colorless clothes of country people but the khaki suits and red turbans of the police are everywhere present adding a bit of color. Sometimes these police are ushering along some groups that have fallen foul of the law, and the clanking of chains adds to the confusion.

It is possible while awaiting to interview the particular barrister in a case to look to the north on a clear winter day and see the magnificent snow on the range of mountains beyond Jammu, a part of the marching and the military orders to drilling soldiers gave a martial tone to the scene.

In the old city, built around the ancient fort, streets are narrow, winding and mean. Yet, here is the center of activity: the colorful cloth bazaar with the brightest pieces hanging in the breeze for advertising; hardware and brass shops abound; farther on, the fruit stalls are resplendent in season with oranges and apples, or mangoes and melons, mountains of cauliflower, carrots and turnips; the pungent odors of many spices and the fragrance of sweets being prepared add interest. Vendors cry their wares to the noisy surging crowds. Near the market is heard the deafening bang-bang of trunk makers raining lusty blows on tin sheets to shape them into boxes.

Sialkot makes medical instruments and supplies in a big way too.

Potatoes are one of the more famous products of the area, and boast two crops a year are gathered. Oranges, mangoes and



Pakistani Christian girls purchasing clay Thank Offering jugs.

gauvas, too, are gathered from the orchards outside the town. Splendid gardens producing cauliflower, turnips, cabbage, tomatoes, and egg plant supply the markets with those colorful piles of vegetables so attractive in the cool season.

On the road toward the South Mission Compound are the grain markets. Here the farmer of the area brings his wheat, sugar cane and lentils and the wholesale merchants are in business in a large way.

At the other side of the grain market are the potters, busily at work making the innumerable unglazed cooking vessels, water jars, storage jars and sometimes the small jugs the Christian women use for their Thank Offering boxes.

The sports goods industry more than any other had made the name Sialkot known far and wide. Tennis, badminton and cricket bats and hockey sticks, tennis and volley balls and badminton shuttle cocks were made in great quantities until the Sikh owners were forced to leave Sialkot when the country was divided. Leather goods, especially suit cases, is profitable.

When Dr. Andrew Gordon, appointed by the Associate Presbyterian Church, one of the two bodies which shortly afterward became the United Presbyterian Church, was ordained for work in North India, he had no idea where the future mission was to be established. But when, after almost six months' journey, they arrived early in 1855 at Saharanpur where the Presbyterians had a mission station, counselling with these friends led to the choice of Sialkot. The Punjab had a few years previously been annexed by the British government and so far Sialkot had not been entered by any mission body. To this place then the Gordons came. They were well pleased with the location and felt God had chosen for them.

The story of the establishing of mission work with all its difficulties and frustrations is certainly interesting as Dr. Gordon tells it in *Our India Mission.* The long period after his arrival in Sialkot before he had any letters or remittances from home; the penniless state which followed; the kindness of English military men in the trying times—are a gripping tale. What difficulties had to be overcome before a house was built, language mastered, and confidence established in the hearts of the people among whom they were working.

Shortly after the house was built the first school for boys was undertaken by Mr. Stevenson who joined the Gordons in 1856. The failure of harvests caused great need for an orphanage to care for the many little waifs in the community and Miss Elizabeth Gordon, the sister who had accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, opened the first institution of the Sialkot Mission.

The Scottish church sent its first missionaries, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, to Sialkot at the close of 1856. It was not known when they were appointed that the field had been entered. There was some debate about how the field should be divided but their minds were soon distracted from these questions by the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. The women and children had to leave Sialkot. The British officers had gone and fourteen hundred armed sepoy rebels were quartered within rifle shot of the mission. The newly arrived Scottish missionaries delayed too long and were killed by mutineers. The Gordon's sick child died during their stay in the Lahore Fort.

After the return of the mission families, the work was taken up with renewed interest. The first church was erected in 1864. In 1859 the first converts had been baptized—two of them, one a high caste Hindu, the other from the outcastes—prophetic of the new church to come with its message of equality in God's sight.

As the number of Christians increased, many inquirers came and were lovingly taught. Some came from worldly motives but some were real seekers and were baptized. The teaching, guiding, and oft times providing for the physical needs of the growing church, established the pattern that the work followed thereafter.

From this nucleus has grown the Sialkot Mission in the Punjab which today is carried on. From this little church has grown the church of today with its seven Presbyteries, 143 pastors in congregations, 549 elders, and 52,000 communicant members. (1953 Minutes of Sialkot Mission.)

Today in Sialkot where the first mission building still stands firm and strong is the Girls' Boarding School—the outgrowth of that first little school started as an orphanage almost 100 years ago. Enrolled are 437 girls, the largest number of these in grade school, but 30 in High School and 28 in Teacher Training department. A staff of 21 skilled teachers serve here.

On the other side of the city, the Christian Training Institute has over 400 boys and a few girls on its roll. The purpose of the school is stated in its name but a large number of non-Christian boys are there too. Their parents want for their boys the fine standard of the Christian way of life and are willing to expose them to Christian influence. The sports are a vital interest to boys of course but there is keen interest in evangelistic trips and in the Synod youth program.

In this school have been trained in their pre-seminary preparation practically all the ministers of our Punjabi church as well as many lay leaders. Some of the graduates go to our own Gordon College in Rawalpindi or to Murray College in Sialkot which our neighbors, the Scottish, long ago established.

In 1889 the Memorial Hospital under the care of Dr. Maria White was opened in the middle of the city. It is named "In memory of the women who gave their lives in India". The quarters were soon outgrown as the patients who appreciated the loving care and skill, grew in numbers. The Elizabeth Gordon Home across the street was their homes follow up partients who first erected in 1908 and named for the first single woman missionary. This is still used as a dispensary serving large numbers of women and children. The old hospital in 1924 was not approved by the inspector of hospitals. It was too hemmed in by the crowded city. The splendid staff in adequate quarters care for many hundreds of in-patients while the dispensary ministers to some 20,000 yearly. All these hear the gospel message for the weary and sin sick. The Bible Women who visit the women in their homes follow up the patients who heard the story of Christ's love in hospitals.

The Sialkot Convention is held each September in the grounds and buildings of the Christian Training Institute. This convention is sponsored by an inter-denominational committee, so from far and near come great throngs of people who seek to deepen their spiritual lives. For a week they sing and pray together, study the Bible with fine leaders and many meet God alone in the prayer rooms. It is always a time of great spiritual refreshing. The early morning communion service on Sabbath is a rare privilege. Christians of different denominations sit upon the matting in the great meeting tent and together partake of the Lord's Supper, before returning to their homes often in lonely places. The influence of this convention only eternity will reveal.

The congregation in Sialkot City is housed in a very adequate edifice. There are some 700 members and it ministers to a Christian community of over 2,000.

The district missionaries of Sialkot have their headquarters on the edge of the city and reach out into the surrounding area where self-supporting congregations and village schools look to them for help and guidance. Great crowds of Muslims hear from them of Christ, Saviour of the World.

The partition of the country and establishment of Pakistan made a great difference in Sialkot. From the cantonment the English officered army was gone. The Sikh and Hindu regiments were seen no more. The Moslem soldiers had taken over. From the schools the children of Hindu and Sikh were absent but still there were throngs who were eager to enter. During the terrible partition days the hospital was full far beyond its planned capacity for there were many homeless ones who were sick and distressed. To all these the loving ministry in the name of Christ was given and the work was greatly blessed.

If Dr. Gordon, who started the work in Sialkot 100 years ago, could come back in the flesh and see what progress the century has brought, he would undoubtedly exclaim, "What has God wrought!"

A Typical City of North Sudan

KHARTOUM

By WILLIAM H. PHILIPS, JR., El Obeid, The Sudan

AS ONE approaches Khartoum by train, he is impressed not by the verdant jungle growth that one hears of in Africa, but by the complete lack of it. To the west lie many houses — mud, brick and stone houses, each with its high wall around it. This is a Muslim country, and the walls keep the women in seclusion, as well as giving privacy—insofar as that is possible in The Sudan.

Ahead lies the river. The Blue Nile, which every year brings down silt-laden waters that leave silt behind as they travel toward the far-distant Mediterranean Sea, but still retain enough when they reach Egypt, to build up that fertile delta.

As one crosses over into Khartoum, he is amazed by the beautiful gardens visible from the train windows, since the train is higher than the walls around the houses. These gardens come from the river, in fact everything here comes from the river. Where there is water, there is life. Where there is no water, there is desert—dry, parched sand.

In Khartoum, one is impressed by the contrasts. There are many modern shops—many of them comparing favorably with shops in America. The contrast comes when one walks down the street. In among these modern shops are shops that carry on work in the ancient art of gold and silver smithing, in carving ivory, and in intricate leather work. Here and there are grocery shops, the like of which have not been seen in America for many a year.

The hard surfaced road to the Palace is a surprise to anyone thinking that the Sudan is backward. It is wide, and fairly smooth. It leads to the statue of General Charles Gordon—that great Christian gentleman who gave his life in The Sudan. He had helped slow down slavery when he was Governor General. When he left, the slave trade grew, with resultant evils. The Mahdi revolted, and surrounded Khartoum. Gordon was called to help get foreigners out alive. Without military or financial support, he was doomed to failure. After an heroic stand of over a year, Khartoum fell, and General Gordon was killed on the palace steps.

The Sudan has had a tragic history. Once it was nominally Christian. Today it is nearly all Muslim. During the Mahdist revolt, over six million of its eight and a half million inhabitants were either killed or died of starvation. Truly it was a time of terror.

About one hundred yards from General Gordon's statue is that of General Kitchener, the liberator of The Sudan. He it was that on September 2, 1898, entered Omdurman and ended fifteen years of chaos, bringing eventually an orderly government, under which the people began to make a steady growth.

Beyond Kitchener's statue lies the lovely River Road leading from the Khartoum North Bridge to the Omdurman Bridge. Here the beautiful mock banyan trees spread their branches over the way, making a beautifully shaded drive. One almost forgets he is in Africa until he sees a black man bathing in the river, or another washing his hands and feet and head in preparation for his prayers.

Coming onto Omdurman Bridge, one is often confronted with more contrasts. Ahead is a modern tram—street car to you—stalled, with cars, trucks, a bus, bicycles, men on donkeys, and men walking, all waiting, delayed by a herd of cattle that is being driven to market. There is no other way to go, so the cattle have to use the bridge. They move slowly, and so do all travelers. One cannot hurry these cattle.

In Omdurman itself is a large football stadium. This is the Sudan's favorite sport. Many afternoons there are games, and a football game (soccer) always draws a good crowd.

Just beyond the stadium is the lofty spire of the Mahdi's tomb, another silent reminder of the past. It is an awesome sight to see the large square in front of the tomb filled with praying people at the time of Ramadan. Their prayers together with their chanting of the Qur'an (Koran) is something never to be forgotten.

Back in Khartoum one is impressed by the newness of this city in comparison to Omdurman. Omdurman is the largest native city in all Africa. One hundred and fifty thousand souls or more, almost all Sudanese. Khartoum on the other hand has 75,000 residents, but they are of such mixed heritage that it can be called a cosmopolitan city—Egyptians, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, English, and many others. Its many schools are for the most part modern. Its University College of Khartoum is one of

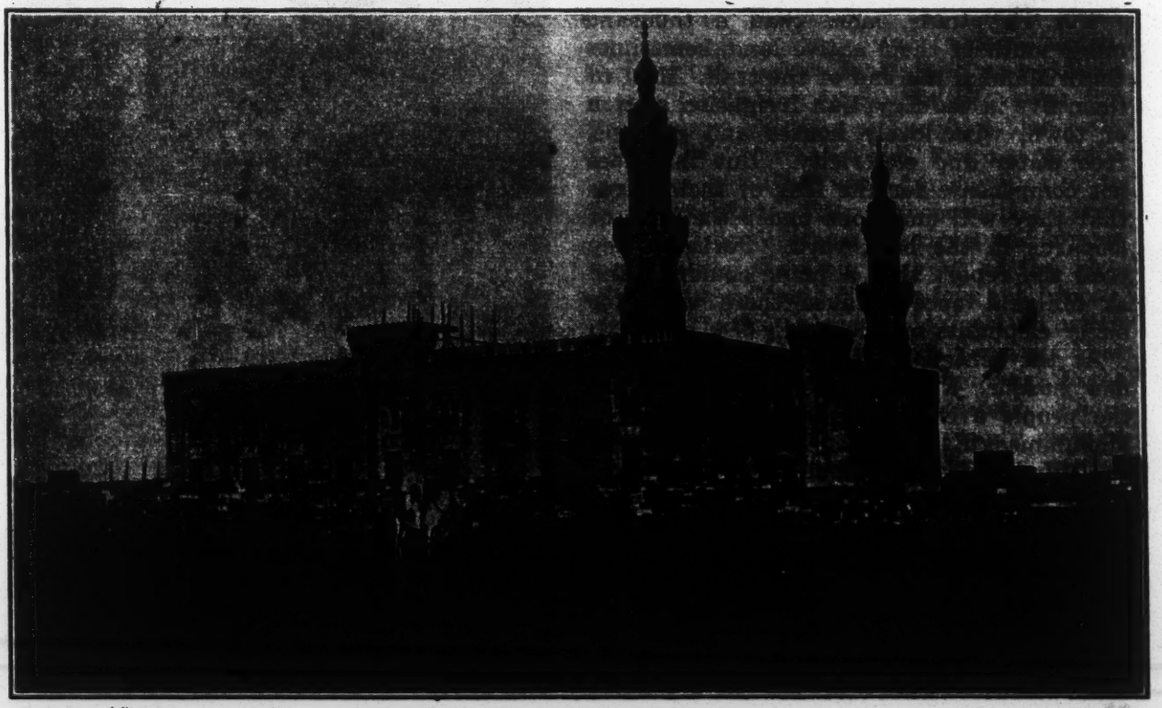
Khartoum, center of the Arabic-speaking Muslim North Sudan

which they can be justly proud. Khartoum is surely a city of contrasts—modern schools down to the little school, the Khalwa, taught by a sheikh, meeting out under a tree, learning the Qur'an by heart, but little more.

Not only is there a contrast of the people and transportation and education, there is the contrast of religion. Witness the Christian funeral of a man well beloved. Many friends march in the funeral procession, but there is no wailing. Witness now the Muslim funeral with its pitiful weeping, wailing as those without hope.

It is a land of contrasts. It is the land to which you have sent us to bring the Gospel of Light and Hope! Pray that into this city—yes and into all the surrounding country as well, Christ may come with His healing power of Love, to bring life to a people who have no hope of a joyous after-life.

Come visit us in Khartoum. If you cannot visit us in person, you can visit your mission with your prayers. In either case, come over to The Sudan and visit and help us!



Khartoum mosque with its minarets

A Typical City of South Sudan

MALAKAL

By REVEREND WILLIAM B. ANDERSON, On Furlough, in Preparatory Study for Service in the Bishop Gwynne College

MALAKAL is one of those extraordinary towns found today in native Africa. Not that it is so large. The town is only a few hundred yards wide, but it stretches for at least four miles along the east bank of the White Nile. Visitors may fly into Malakal by airplane, or come by river steamer. Some bump in by truck during the dry season. But the most frequent visitors walk long miles by foot from their villages. Others paddle canoes, bringing watermelons or charcoal to sell.

For some people Malakal seems to be the peak of civilization, but for others it is the end of the world. Shilluk, Dinka and Nuer tribesmen hear much about the wonders of the "big city" far away. In that city are magic electric lights, running water, big houses and gardens, schools, an airport, and — more important — employment. During the dry season many tribesmen make their way to Malakal to earn money for taxes (about $1 per man). Manual labor is not difficult to find, and the pay is often 30 cents for a morning's work. Although this doesn't impress us, a man can drink a lot of beer for 15 cents and still save some money to pay the tax-collector. At night these villagers crowd into the native section of town, living with relatives or fellow-countrymen. To them that is civilization.

But Egyptians, more than a thousand miles south of their native land, sometimes think Malakal the end of the trail. Most of them live in the Egyptian Irrigation section of town, with lovely houses and gardens, free water and electricity. But this does not compensate for the fear of their wives that they will find lions under the beds or leopards in the back yard. Perhaps they read the report that a plane couldn't land at Malakal once because there were too many elephants on the field.

At the center of Malakal is a beautiful new mosque. Every morning at four o'clock the people are reminded that Sudan is a Mohammedan land when the muezzin calls out, "Prayer is better than sleep." African drums beat the loudest during Moslem feasts. Often hundreds of Moslems gather in the center of town for a "zikr", or revival meeting. While the drums beat, they sway back and forth or jump up and down, chanting together the name of God, "Allah, Allah, Allah, Allah . . ." There are parades with songs and shouts and plenty of color.

The pagan tribesman meets the Moslem every day: he is the merchant who sells him a colorful cloth for his wife; he is the man who buys charcoal from him; he is the government official who is fast replacing the white Englishman; he is the truck-driver who may sell him a ride on his overloaded truck ($3 for 200 miles). During the month of Ramadan, when good Moslems do not eat or drink from three in the morning until six in the evening, work is slack and tempers are short. The center of town with its small Arab shops is dead as a doornail by noon, for all the Arab merchants are taking a siesta in the coolest spot they can find.

Non-Moslems know that every Friday work stops at noon, and men stream to the mosque from all parts of town for Friday prayers and sermon. Some of the wor-

A Nuer Christian who works in the veterinary department, Malakal

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Two articles on Malakal, and we are grateful for both of them! Each brings the rich individual impressions of the writer, and thus gives to the reader a more expansive view of this interesting city. For a description of Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, see p. 394, March, 1952 "Women's Missionary Magazine" (former name of "Missionary Horizons.")—Editor

River steamer coming into dock at Malakal

shippers are black men, but most of them are brown, a mixture of Arab and Negro. They are joined by white men from Egypt who walk up from the Egyptian Irrigation offices to pray to Allah.

Three blocks from the mosque is the Christian Church. It is very attractive outside and inside, and is put to much practical use. Every Sunday there are six services, each in a different language with a different congregation. The people who attend include everyone from cultured Englishmen to illiterate workers and servants. Policemen come dressed in their khaki uniforms; children come with black shiny faces and a little cloth. Because of the diversity of the tribes and lack of a good common language, a united work is difficult. But still they come.

The Malakal hospital is the only hospital in the Upper Nile Province, with a population of about a half million. People from hundreds of miles around are brought into it, but the ignorance and superstition of the people keep it from being overcrowded. Barracks scattered over the large compound make up the wards, clinics and offices. But half of the people found in the compound are healthy natives who are waiting for their sick relatives to recover. They camp in the open air during the dry season. Some of them hear the Gospel for first time from the lips of an evangelist.

The prison in Malakal takes the worst "criminals" from all over the province. The prisoners are mostly gentle-natured fellows: Englishmen think nothing of having murderers working as gardeners without guard or chain. The prisoners work in the morning, but in the afternoon time hangs heavy on their hands. Fortunately missionaries and evangelists have been given the opportunity to meet with them often and tell them the story of Jesus. Many of them find prison life quite pleasant: the work isn't difficult and the food is more plentiful than at home. But there is tragedy there, too; for many young Christians spend a term there for robbery or embezzlement. Prison to them is a shame, a silent comment on the powerful temptations of the city.

Malakal in the dry season has the cross-streams of Sudan society meeting in its streets. Men from a dozen different tribes are walking the streets, some with great amounts of clothing and others naked. Diesel trucks driven by Italians and rickety trucks driven by Arabs have to honk for the children, chickens and goats which walk the streets. Catholic and Protestant missionaries come into town for supplies or to go on vacation. There are beautiful green gardens, watered from the river, and hippos in the river snorting in front of the governor's home. The Africans join the hippos, taking a bath in the river to cool off when the going gets hot. Custom demands that the American missionary should not bathe in public, but in his private shower. There is only one risk: the water supply may be turned off before all the soap is washed off. Malakal is where civilization and Africa are meeting, and neither has won yet.

The three great areas which the churches have not really penetrated are Hinduism, Islam, and the modern culture of cities.

—Bishop Stephen Neill at first assembly of W. C. C., Amsterdam, 1948

A Typical City of South Sudan

MALAKAL

By MILTON H. THOMPSON, Estes Park, Colorado, on furlough from the Sudan

MALAKAL is more than just capital of Upper Nile Province with a population of less than 20,000 people. To the western visitor it presents a strange, very African scene. On the streets he sees Moslems completely clothed in the traditional turban-like head-dress and the gown (djellabia) reaching below the knees. On the same streets he sees tribesmen dressed in a string of beads and an ivory bracelet. There will also be almost every possible variation in dress between these two extremes.

In this city of very few vehicles the visitor may note with surprise that drivers are picked up for not having an up-to-date driver's license or for parking in front of a store, or for driving on an unpaved back-street while it is still soft following a rain. Bicycle riders are stopped by police for riding at night without bicycle lights.

Here southern tribesmen transport their goods by dug-out canoe or on their heads. The Arab traders and merchants use donkeys or trucks while over Malakal fly modern airliners. One may stand at Malakal's riverfront and see at a glance a telescoped version of the story of transport covering thousands of years. This radical telescoping of the ancient African past and the twentieth century is taking place throughout most of Africa and in the other areas of life, helping to make Africa a "continent in ferment".

To the boys and young men from the tribes, who have been to school, Malakal is the big city holding out promise of employment and money for the new things they have come to prize. It is a place of adventure with freedom from the old tribal restraints.

For some, Malakal is an experience in frustration. They have not enough education and other qualifications to get a worthwhile job. But they have had enough education to want to escape the old tribal life. Detribalized and discontented, many of them have lost an old way of life without having found anything to take its place.

To the Moslems, Malakal is a center of Mohammedan strength in the pagan south, and a growing opportunity. British officials are leaving the Sudan and former restraints against Mohammedanism are gone. Most Moslems assume that the Sudan must become an Islamic state. Islam freely and without apology uses employment, social position and political advantage, as well as religious pressure as instruments in winning converts. Christians in Malakal and elsewhere must be prepared to be an unpopular minority.

The Moslems' hopes for Malakal are symbolized by the largest and finest building in Malakal, the Mohammedan mosque.

To the Mission and the African Church, Malakal presents an obligation and opportunity. There is a special obligation to the tribes-people who have gone to Malakal to work and live. Many of them have attended the Mission's schools and are Christians. Others are nominal Christians. They have all broken many of the ties with their people. They are free from old restraining influences and are faced with temptations and conflicts we can scarcely imagine.

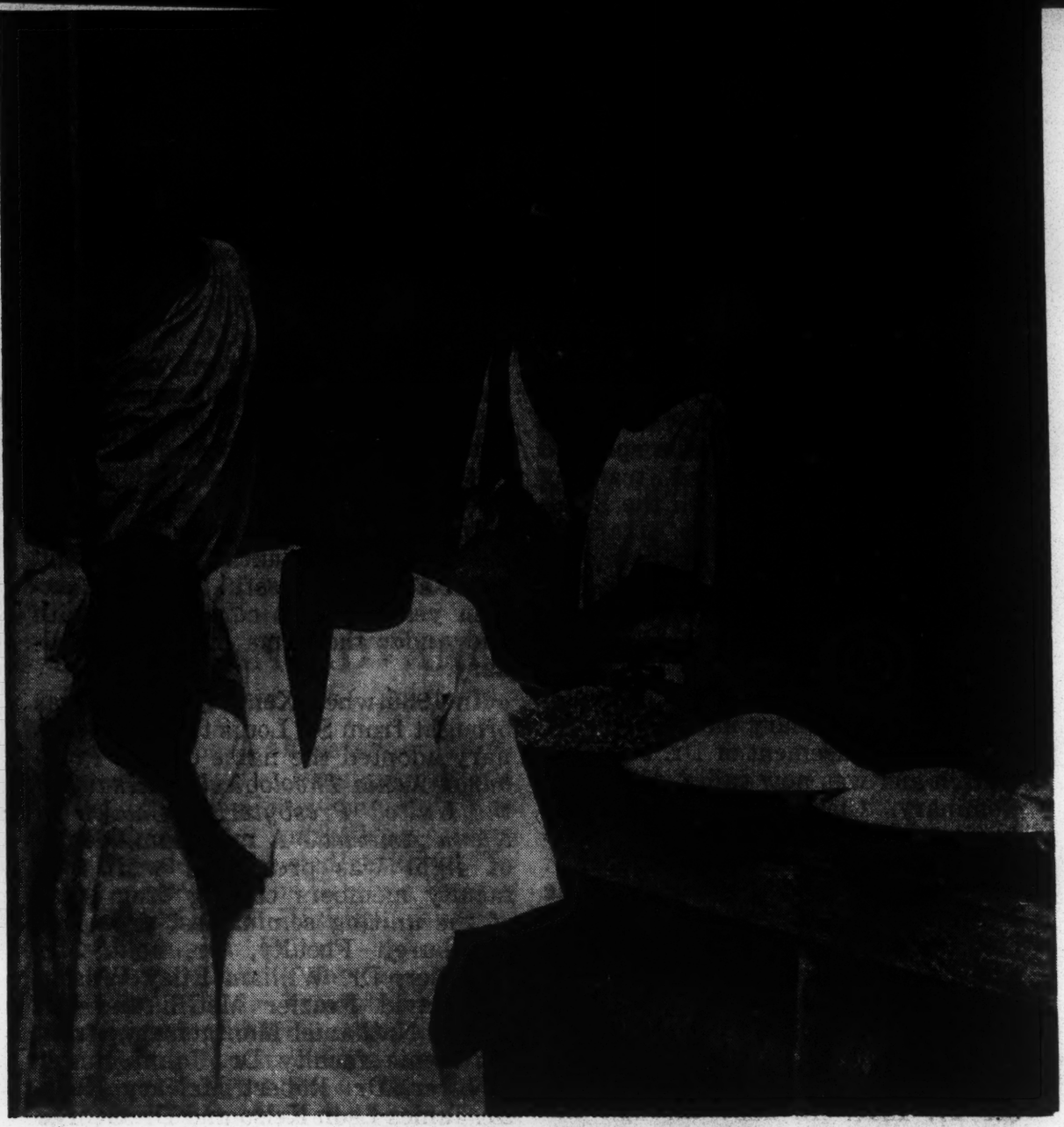
The total need of these people will be appreciated only as we come to share more of life with them, but some of the needs are even now obvious.

African Leadership: A most critical need is for spiritually strong, trained leadership for the American Church. The Mission is now cooperating with the C. M. S. in the Bishop Gwynne Divinity School in the training of pastors and other Christian workers. A few men from our mission area are attending this school. It is to such men as these that the Church will look for leadership in the days ahead. At no place will strong leaders be needed more than in Malakal.

Work With Women and Girls: Women and girls as they live in their tribal villages have been more difficult than men and boys to reach with the Gospel. For those in Malakal the tribal pattern has been largely broken. Women and girls have more leisure and freedom. Bible classes, literacy work, haelth and child-care instruction and recreational activities are some of their needs.

Literature: In these days when many are learning to read and write, we do well to ask who gives them something to read. In some parts of the world it has been the Communists who have most effectively supplied the new literates with literature. Christian literature for those who can read is needed in such quantity and variety that it seems the surface has hardly been scratched.

With a Mission Bookstore, reading room, printing press and the Mission printer in



A Market Scene in Malakal, South Sudan

Malakal, the future promises better things than the past. Already they have added much to the ministry of the Mission. As more people on the field and the Africans become contributors of literature, the ministry of the press will come into its own.

Inter-tribal Fellowship: The Church in the southern Sudan is handicapped by being a tribal Church. The many languages are barriers in the way of a really united Church. Only as there is a common language for all can this unity come. Part of the challenge of the work in Malakal is the encouragement of inter-tribal Christian fellowship. Some very happy instances of this sort of fellowship have occurred at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Lowrie Anderson in Malakal. There, encouraged by the rare Anderson hospitality, Christians of different tribes enjoy a free and open Christian fellowship that is not only inter-tribal but also inter-racial. On such occasions the common language is usually English. So far as such fellowship is encouraged and extended, there is progress toward an inter-tribal Church.

Malakal is of strategic importance in the work of the whole mission. Mission business with the government is carried on there. It is the mission headquarters. Goods being shipped to the outstations are dispatched from Malakal. Missionaries going out and coming in pass through Malakal, staying for longer or shorter periods at the mission guest house enroute. The work for those stationed there is demanding.

Most of the Mission's business and government dealings are with Moslems. Many Moslems regard themselves as rightfully enemies of the Christians. The missionaries, however, cannot but remember that the Gospel is for Moslems as much as for any other people. To get a hearing for the Gospel requires patience, tact and a friendly spirit to an unusual degree.

If effective service for Christ in Malakal makes severe demands of the missionary do not be surprised. The stakes are high.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF PITTSBURGH-XENIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

By ADDISON H. LEITCH, Ph.D., D.D, Dean of the Seminary

(CONTINUED FROM SEPTEMBER MAGAZINE)

John Taylor Pressly was finally called to this vacant professorship in 1831 and brought to his task great mental and spiritual gifts, a splendid appearance, and marked teaching ability. He continued with the Seminary for thirty-eight years. Strangely enough, the Seminary again moved the location to suit the professor, this time crossing the river to the city of Allegheny because Dr. Pressly was filling the pastorate of the First Associate Reformed congregation there. The Seminary met in the rear room of the basement of Dr. Pressly's church and was now called Allegheny Seminary. Classes continued in the basement of the church until 1855 when a new building, a gift of Mr. Thomas Hanna, was erected on the North Avenue site. After the Associate and Associate Reformed Churches were united to form the United Presbyterian Church of North America, the Seminary on North Avenue came under the authority of the First Synod of the West, September 27, 1859. In 1880 through the generosity of Dr. James P. Hanna son of Thomas Hanna, a dormitory for fifty students was built and called Hanna Hall. In 1899 on this same historic site a spacious five story building was erected for chapel, library, classrooms, and dormitory. When the City of Allegheny was incorporated into the city of Pittsburgh in 1912 the Seminary became known again as Pittsburgh Theological Seminary.

There was a strong movement in 1837 to move Pittsburgh Seminary to Oxford, Ohio. Instead, a counter movement led to the division of the First Synod of the West into two Synods, the First and Second Synods of the West. On the formation of this Second Synod immediate steps were taken to establish a seminary and in 1839 this was housed in a joint venture with the Oxford, Ohio, congregation. In 1858 this seminary was moved to Monmouth, Illinois and became known as the Theological Seminary of the Northwest. This Seminary never had any building of its own but managed in local churches and in the college to find suitable equipment. After a very successful history of sixteen years it was consolidated with and under the name of Xenia Seminary.

In 1930 when Xenia Seminary was brought from St. Louis the new Seminary adopted the name of *The Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary of the United Presbyterian Church of North America.* A minimum faculty of eight was prescribed with four faculty members coming from each of the uniting seminaries: from the Pittsburgh Faculty, Dr. John McNaugher, Dr. William Riley Wilson, Dr. David Frazier McGill and Dr. Robert Nathaniel Montgomery; from the Xenia faculty Dr. John Hunter Webster, Dr. Robert McNary Karr, Dr. James Leon Kelso and Dr. George Boone McCreary. Dr. John McNaugher who had served on the Pittsburgh Faculty since 1886 and who had been president of that Faculty since 1909, became president of the united Seminary Faculty, which office he adorned and magnified until his retirement in 1943. His profoundly influential service as teacher and president lasted fifty-seven years. It was during the years of his presidency, after the merger of the two seminaries, that Dr. Albert H. Baldinger and Dr. Clarence J. Williamson were brought to the faculty to replace Dr. Montgomery and Dr. McGill.

Dr. George A. Long, pastor of the Homewood United Presbyterian Church and for many years a member of the Seminary Board, was called to the presidency of the Seminary in

1942. He set for himself three goals: the rebuilding of the Faculty, all but one of whom were to retire on age during his administration; the building of the student body greatly depleted especially during the war years; and the relocation and rebuilding of the Seminary plant. In all these ventures he has had preeminent success. An exceptionally fine faculty, well integrated and well balanced, gives the Seminary status in the theological world. The student body has increased from an average attendance of about fifty to an average attendance well over one hundred and fifty and for the first time in many years there is hope that the urgent demands of the denomination for men can begin to be answered. With the splendid gift of the Mason property on Highland Avenue by the heirs of H. Lee Mason, Jr., and the warm response of the whole denomination to the increasing needs of the Seminary, a new and beautiful plant has been made possible. Good roots, deeply planted and carefully nourished are bringing forth their fruit.

AN ADVANCING SEMINARY

By JEAN TOCHER, Senior, Dept. of Christian Education, Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary

FOR all those affiliated or interested in the Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary, the eighth of September, 1954, marked an important occasion—the dedication of the new buildings at the Seminary's new location on North Highland Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Within just a few hours of noontime the number of cars along the driveways multiplied. People gathered from many parts of the country to witness the service of dedication and view the work achieved by the United Presbyterian Church in the progress of its Seminary.

The Dedication service was conducted in the new chapel with the student body and others participating via a loud-speaker in the auditorium downstairs. The new chimes rang out at 1:40 p.m. as people gathered to worship and as the Seminary body lined up outside for the academic procession. Professor Ralston began the organ prelude at 1:50 p.m. and at 2 o'clock broke forth with the hymn "The Church's One Foundation" to accompany the academic procession.

J. M. Findley Brown, D.D., President of the Board of Directors, gave the call to worship followed by the invocation by James T. Vorhis, D.D., Vice President, who closed the prayer by leading the people in the Apostles' Creed and the Gloria Patri. W. Bruce Wilson, D.D., President of the Board of Trustees, read the Scripture passage (Ephesians 4:1-16), after which members of the Seminary choir sang the anthem, "God Omnipotent Reigneth."

The presentation of the keys was made by A. C. Amsler, Chairman of the Building Committee, and acceptance by Dr. Wilson. Addison H. Leitch, Ph.D., D.D., President Elect, led in the litany of Dedication, George A. Long, D.D., LL.D., President, gave the prayer of Dedication, and everyone joined to praise in song "The Power of Jesus' Name." Chancellor Rufus H. Fitzgerald, M.A., LL.D., representing Pittsburgh's Educational Institutions, gave tribute to the educational value of the Seminary as it meets the need for Christ in the world today. Because Mayor David L. Lawrence was unexpectedly called from the city, Councilman Bennett Rogers for the city of Pittsburgh wished good luck and great achievement to the Seminary whose new buildings contrast with the old, but whose spirit is the same. President Robert N. Montgomery, D.D., LL.D., representing the United Presbyterian Colleges pointed out the church's

responsibility of Christian Education for leadership and the attendant need for the best in physical facilities. He pledged the cooperation of the colleges and extended their best wishes to the Seminary.

After these greetings and the anthem, "Rise Up, O Men of God", Dr. Long made several announcements concerning a forthcoming reception to follow the Dedication Service on the North Campus, an Open House on September 11th, and an Organ Recital by Professor Ralston on the following day. He gave recognition to the architect, Press C. Dowler, to the general contractor for the Women's Dormitory, James C. Brown, and to the general contractor for the Administration Building and Single Men's Dormitory, the deceased William F. Trimble, Jr., whose son received the recognition. Dr. Long presented as guests, Clifford E. Barbour, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., President of Western Theological Seminary and Judge William H. McNaugher, son of the noted Dr. McNaugher who was president of our Seminary for 34 years.

Dr. Brown introduced the speaker, A. E. Kelley, D.D., LL.D., Moderator of the General Assembly, who described the Dedication as a grateful recognition of the achievements of today, "for this occasion marks a transition in the ongoing history of theological education in the United Presbyterian Church." Dr. Kelly pointed to the 160 years of the Seminary's past tradition, to its present-day continuance of that tradition, and to the promise of the furtherance of its ongoing program of the gospel ministry. He reminded that in the light of what God has accomplished through the Seminary, our church is challenged to a recommittment to the task of tomorrow by the power of the Holy Spirit. Our task is still unfinished, and the determination to finish it begins with a recommittment of each individual to Jesus Christ. He closed saying, "May God bless our Seminary and fulfill the promise of better days to come."

The service was brought to an exultant close by the singing of "Old Hundredth," and the pronouncement of the benediction by John C. Lorimer, D.D., Vice President of the Board of Directors.

The young women of the Seminary Department of Christian Education assisted Mrs. H. Parker Sharp, one of the three women members of the Board of Advisors of the Department of Christian Education, and Mrs. A. C. Amsler, wife of the chairman of the Building Committee, in serving refreshments on the lawn.

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I WONDER

By a MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEMBER who asks to remain Anonymous

The members of our missionary society came into the "lovely living" room. It was not a new home but the furnishings had been chosen by loving and thoughtful care and the room had that feeling of "lovely living"—A place where the family enjoyed music and reading. A corner of a small folding table proclaimed that games were allowed here also. One just couldn't help giving a sigh as the chair fitted so comfortably and the President stood up to announce, "My neighbor and friend will lead the devotions for the evening." A sigh of rest and complete enjoyment! Though one could feel an undercurrent of excitement differing from the other ten meetings of the year, for this was—why, so it was——November.

"He was bruised for our iniquities . . . For our sins He was beaten . . . He died for our sins." The heart followed the story of what He had given for us. And the story led back to the wonderful birth on that December night in a country far away.

The meeting went on—Secretary's report, Treasurer's report. Was it not splendid how much the bazaar and the sale of vanilla had brought in! Couldn't we plan another church dinner before Christmas!

Ah, the letters which others, missionaries, home or foreign, had written, and in the course of the letters, needs for used clothing, for school supplies, for money for child care! These were read and explained. Couldn't we do something, *something* to help? Why, let's see—our Treasurer said we had $59.00—or was it $109.00 in the treasury. Couldn't we send some old clothes to ....., and a gift of $5.00 for the "child care"? Surely. It was quickly voted.

But now the excitement seemed to mount. "I do hope I won't draw that old crosspatch's name as my gift sister!" was a whisper.

"Oh, I never know what to give my gift sister. One dollar can buy so little. I usually cheat and make it at least $1.50."

"Oh, do you? Why, there is always a gift from my last Christmas which I haven't been able to use and I pass it on to my gift sister."

Did I really hear these whispers or were they in my heart only? The faces nearby were watching with eagerness as the names were put into the hat—or was it a small basket —to pass around that each might draw a name.

One's mind takes strange by-paths at times. What did I hear? "He gave HIS LIFE for you! What have you given to HIM?"

Did any of us *need* that $1.00 gift? What could that dollar do for HIM in the work which HE had asked us to do?

I didn't know much of the economics of other lands but my mind wandered far away. A dollar could—

Put good food for a day or more into the mouth of a child in our Mountain, Indian or foreign work in the U. S. A.

Buy a song book for use.

Pay for part of a magazine subscription for someone who couldn't pay but wished for one.

Buy cloth for a dress, or pieces for a quilt, or a multitude of little school supplies needed.

Pay for a New Testament for an interested inquirer.

Buy six Gospels in the foreign fields.

Buy 15 pints of milk for a starving baby in many places in the world.

Pay for the postage on a small bundle of baby clothes for the same needy baby.

Help on payment for the medicines needed as gifts to those who have nothing in our mission fields.

Give the needed injection to a

leper, or the day's food he needs.

Lighten the care of an evangelist who prays for "this day our daily bread" for his family.

Pay a day, or several days' tuition, and food, even up to four days in some lands, for a boy or girl in school.

Give a child a Christmas gift of one thing, which will be the only one he receives.

How fast can one's mind travel! Dozens of items rushed through my mind as with faces aglow, our women began the drawing of names.

My turn came! Now was my time to speak. But I didn't! Could I take this December joy from these my friends. A little thing—a dollar. Ah, yes, to us, but what to that neglected or lost child of God who hadn't yet heard of our Christ and didn't or wouldn't have the opportunity to hear—without my dollar.

No, I drew my name and I began to think what I could give to my "gift sister" at the December meeting.

But, *"He gave His life for you,"* and then a nearer voice, *"I gave My life for you and you. Ah! you forget in your childish desire for gifts, you forget what your* $1.00 *multiplied by your group number could do for Me?"*

And I "went away sorrowing." I hadn't been brave enough to speak out in our meeting. I am one who is sorry?

The Wise Men gave their gifts to HIM

My Most Unforgettable Character

PRAYER'S REWARD

By MARGARET A. WORK, Fort Morgan, Colorado

CAIRO'S Youth Secretary, Miss Lydia Matta, is the product of many prayers.

I. Lydia Has A Praying Mother

More than one missionary has been deeply impressed with the devotion and spiritual strength of Lydia's mother leading her family to the Throne of God. That mother (called Sitt Um Eleya, mother of Elijah, her eldest son), was left a widow with three daughters and four sons, the youngest a boy twenty-two days old. Through frugal living and waiting much on God she has seen her family grow. That baby is now a young architect. Two other grown sons are at home. Eleya and two sisters are married and have families. Of these, Lily's two daughters are taller than she and their doctor daddy has been once, perhaps twice, to America to study how better to combat the eye diseases so prevalent in Egypt. Ruth's two daughters are babies. Lydia has holidays in their Port Said home.

Miss Margaret Work, now in America on extended furlough from Egypt, to be with her parents in Fort Morgan, Colorado, is a graduate of Fort Morgan High School and Tarkio College. She received her M.A. in the University of Southern California. She began her missionary career in 1924, and has been stationed in Cairo, where she has been doing evangelistic work among women.

But with all her mothering and grandmothering Sitt Um Eleya has had time to be a guiding spirit in the Faggala Church women's society. It was the first in Cairo to be organized and the women themselves hold their own monthly meetings. The pastor teaches them a Bible lesson on each other Tuesday morning of the month. Many of these forty to sixty regular attendants are women of prayer who assemble there ahead of the meeting-hour to wait before God.

The three daughters graduated from our Ezbekieh School in Cairo. Then Lydia taught with Holland Mission at Al Barrage just north of Cairo. During World War II the missionary in charge became seriously ill. God used Lydia Matta to carry on the school amidst peculiarly difficult circumstances. So ably was this done that when the smoke of battle had cleared away the home committee in Holland sought means of expressing their thanks to Miss Lydia whose service had magnificently surmounted the personal and institutional problems of those years. They gave her a year's study in Redclif College, London, England.

That was a diffcult year for Lydia, though entered upon with enthusiasm

In this smiling trio, Miss Margaret Work is on left and Miss Lydia Matta in center.

and elation at the privilege of foreign study. It involved dark days far from home and family, struggles of soul such as she had never known before, struggles personal, finally won by Lydia's Lord. As the year approached its end Lydia realized her own need for more of the things spiritual available to her should she complete the course in that missionary training college. Some of her classmates were missionary candidates for the Egypt General Mission, closely allied with our American Mission both in Zagazig and through all the years since their 1898 beginnings. Lydia wrote her family of her desire to stay on. She borrowed money, perhaps from or through her brothers, for the second year at Redclif. Her mother's prayers continued.

II. New Beginnings And Their Secret

Early in October, 1949, Lydia and I sat for tea in what had been English Mission College's Emmanuel School playground. The School Law of 1948 restricting religious instruction in schools had resulted in the closing of Emmanuel Day School. EMC's Miss Covell who had been principal of that work, joined Miss Lydia and me at tea, then in prayer. Her colleagues were so thankful to be having their property ALL continuing to be used for Christ's kingdom building that they added Miss Lydia and us to their prayer lists. So did some of you, and Lydia's mother prayed on.

November 1, 1949 Lydia came to work with us. She had turned her back on at least two fine financial offers that she might become acquainted from the inside with the evangelistic program of our Mission. She shared in the Bible Women's weekly prayer and Bible study. She visited Muslim homes, especially with Sitt Esther in the very shadow of Al Azhar, theological center and citadel of world Islam. There she found Muslim women and girls welcoming the Christian messenger as a sister beloved. She found a hunger and thirst, an eager reaching out for spiritual food in Christ by secluded Muslim women, an eagerness to receive which, even in her new understanding of Him, Lydia had never dreamed existed.

One day Lydia said, "I had often wondered why Egyptians began good things, helpful projects, carried them on for a time, then dropped them. I could not understand. Now I think I know why."

"Why?" I asked.

"They have lost their candlestick."

"And why?"

"They have lost their first love." To turn again her Egyptian sisters to that "first love," even Christ Jesus Himself, the living Saviour of Egypt's early Christian glory, had become a compelling call to Lydia Matta. She had devoted her own life unreservedly to Christ Jesus as Lord and Master. Step by step she was following as He led.

On December 24th that same year Lydia told our Mission Committee for Women's Work, "I can be with you until June." She had sought the Master's bidding and could not give a promise without His permission. To our January Association she wrote me, "I think my best contribution can be not in visiting work as the Bible Women do, but in sharing the vision with the girls." Before June she had His permission to continue with us longer and had shared her dream to have groups of girls in the churches, girls who would pledge themselves to unpaid witness, giving freely of time they could plan outside their study or office or teaching, aside from each one's home responsibilities. These girls would be led in Bible study, each group by its own pastor. They would be independent of the Mission financially and support their own preparations and projects. They would meet together for prayer and Bible study, to know God's own will for themselves and others.

Miss Lydia met with existing groups of girls. She talked with pastors. She won their confidence, their cooperation. As one of themselves, they trusted her. She has vision and insight. She is a lover of souls. She

prayed unceasingly. So did others pray for her. And God's plan kept unfolding.

III. Seeing Things Happen

Lydia's mother began to visit with Sitt Esther the Bible Woman in Muslim homes. She was so amazed with what she saw and heard that she urged other Faggala church women to go to see and hear for themselves. Some of them did. The impossible to them became a reality. Muslim women *did* want to learn of Jesus.

Children of our community were invited to games in the old school playground, then to a story-hour. Eagerly they came. These too heard of Jesus. Flannelgraph, music, songs, prayers and playground experiences Lydia used as teaching material, with the Bible itself and the Christ there revealed always central. Some accepted Him as Saviour and came regularly to grow on in knowledge of Him and His will for them. Even little tots who had been thought mere wigglers in the story-hour came later to talk of Jesus in their hearts. New possibilities with little folk were seen.

Girls of the churches as they met realized they needed to know more of the Saviour, of His Book, of *how* to pass on His message to others. They asked for more help. Their leaders met monthly with Miss Lydia for study, prayer and plans. They asked for more help. Together Lydia and your missionaries explored possibilities of systematic formal study toward training these volunteer leaders. Missionary Beatrice McClellan was made special partner in the planning for a real training school.

In October 1951, with the active cooperation of certain pastors and other able Egyptian leaders, training courses were begun. Eighteen girls enrolled. They studied faithfully assigned preparations. They attended regularly. They were in the King's business in a businesslike way. Some girls enrolled for training toward summer conference counselling. American Mission's third Conference for girls was being planned to meet in Tanta in July. They volunteered their services.

For many years the Mission has held periodic conferences for various groups, for teachers, Bible Women, evangelists and pastors, more recently for boys and for girls. For the most part the leadership in each of these conferences has been from the missionaries or pastors, even some guests from the western church. But these Egyptian girls prepared by intensive study and prayer for an entirely volunteer service in their own vacation time, not for salary but because they loved their Saviour and wanted others to love Him too. This seems to us a significant step in the life of these girls, and of the church. They are awakening to realization of their privileges and opportunities in Christ, to the joys of giving, not merely getting.

The groups of girls in the various churches united in a Christmas worship and dedication program in 1950. By groups they brought gifts to be taken to others less blest than themselves, beautiful gifts on which they had spent much time and love. Thank-Offering, celebrated in Egypt in March, was suitably observed by these groups in Ezbekieh church. The United Girls' Groups invited friends to an Easter assembly. Mrs. Acheson wrote that the Christmas 1951 program given by sixteen groups of girls in Dales Memorial Hall of American Mission College for Girls was the most impressive she had ever seen. These gifted program presentations and guided worship periods are but one of the ways in which these educated girls from various churches are sharing their Christian blessings.

IV. Dreams Coming True

In 1952 Lydia not only saw her "daughters" act as counsellors in the Conference, but she saw two colleagues off for study in her alma mater, Redclif College, London, England. Miss Zaheya Hanna, who has been teacher in Tanta Bible School, then Bible worker in the Minia area, has already commanded the admira-

tion of young pastors of our Evangelical Church as she led women in devotional study. Miss Jeannette Kellerman, of European and Lebanese parentage, graduate of American Mission College for Girls, studied law in Cairo, and taking Emmanuel Training Courses as her real desire.

This would seem to be opening new growth for women of Egypt's Church. Quite a number of Egyptian women have already studied in Europe, England or America and have returned to serve their land in various capacities. But we have regretted that some of the most able, some from devoted Christian homes, have chosen to channel their services through the government or other agencies outside the church.

V. What's Next?

What the future may hold is entirely the Lord's secret. But it would seem to me quite within the possible that Lydia Matta and those whom she leads could be potent factors to usher in a new day of God's power in that land. He definitely promised through Isaiah some 2800 years ago that Egypt shall be His own. The fulfillment of that promise has been the petition of His people. Could it be in our day? Perhaps what He asks of you can help it be. Will you give? Will you go? Will you pray?

VI. A Challenge

Cairo's Youth Secretary is a product of the prayers of many hearts in many lands: Prayers of you who here in America have been supporting our Mission schools and hospitals and Bible Women visiting in the homes; prayers of Holland Mission, their homeland supporters and prayer partners; prayers of the parents of pupils in Holland Mission's school and ours, Ezbekieh, Cairo; prayers of faculty, students and friends of Redclif College, London, England, where Lydia was in school. They had special interest in her as a foreign student; prayers of those who met her while she was in England. One of those, a tourist from America, a Baptist pastor's daughter, provided her with a wonderful flannelgraph board and pictures, useful in her teaching.

Yes, I believe that Lydia and her girls can be used of God to answer prayers as yet unformed; prayers of thinking, educated Muslim girls, whose heart-needs have not been met in Islam; girls with as fine personalities as American daughters, with as keen minds and as attractive bodies. Girls with hearts as sweet and lovable by gift of His grace, yet girls who to date have not been taught the winsomeness of the Master. They do not know of His power to subdue and to control all their beings to His glory, and their fullness of *life*. Those girls are yet groping in darkness without the LIGHT OF LIFE.

Miss Lydia, through your prayers can meet this their need, through leading girls born in Christian homes to realize (1) that Christ included their Muslim neighbors and classmates when He died on earth for them, and (2) that THEY, not only the missionary, may have the joy of winning these to LIFE in Him.

These Christian-named girls haven't known that before. That is, not to really make it part of themselves, part of their every day's living. Maybe their heads did know part of it. Of course your missionaries have been endeavoring to teach them and their mothers this for a century. But you must read the history of Egypt, the history of the church in Egypt in the first century and of what has been happening there since, through centuries of oppression and suppression and economic and social pressures such as freedom-bought Americans cannot imagine, no, not even those of us who have been there with them and trying to understand. I don't believe we even have a little look-in, as yet. But Lydia *has*. She has been there. Her people have been there—all these centuries. And God has given her also of the vision which is ours, the vision of the Master who says "Go ye!"

Let us help Lydia reap the harvest of the years.

PHARAOH'S GREEN PASTURES

By OTIS ROWE, International Voluntary Services, Assiut, Egypt

"OPEN your eye—wide; now the other one." Those are the words that we here at Afadra repeat hundreds of times during the week. The time is usually from four to six on six days of the week, and the setting is a downstairs room in the house in which we live. The atmosphere, one might say, is unhealthful; and the theme we like to call *service*.

Just what is this which involves so much feeling and "valuable" time? It all started soon after October 5, 1953, when Ken and I first started living in our village development program. The whole business of adjusting to the utterly different life out here was hard; but the hardest part was to turn away the man who couldn't even afford bus fare to the next town, let alone take his badly burned child to the hospital for treatment. This was the start of our First Aid work—the natural desire of man to relieve the suffering of his fellow man who is in definite need. What were we to do? Refusing to help the injured child would safeguard us against becoming involved with the authorities for practicing without a license. Were we to refuse the call of service and deprive ourselves of the satisfaction which God in some way gives us? The reason I say "God-given satisfaction" is that I'm sure that two years ago if I were to have done some of the things I do now, it would have made me sick. I would not have enjoyed exposing myself to do so many different things. This weakness would probably have come from interpreting, "I get satisfaction" literally and selfishly.

Our constant thought is, "If there could only be a doctor here!" It seems that the government is unable to send a doctor to our village. If it were, it is doubtful whether one could be found who would be willing to live and practice here, unsure of his support. We thought of a doctor from our American Hospital in Assiut, but they already have more patients than they can handle. Sometimes we take more promising cases to the American Hospital; however special funds for this are scarce. Few of the farmers actually have enough money to pay a hospital bill, in spite of the reasonable charge. Fewer still are even willing to go to any hospital, either the American or a government hospital which is free to them. Even a free service is not accepted unless the people have reason to have confidence in those who offer it.

When we first started this First Aid Work, it consisted mostly of our own daily employees, with an occasional friend or relative of theirs. Since there weren't many, we just doctored them up as they came to us at any time during the day. Any that needed the services of a doctor, we tried to persuade to go to the government hospital, or we took them if they had no way. Some said they would go, but did not do so. Unfortunately, many of the people have great faith in the village barber, who does anything from cutting hair or fixing an animal's wounded foot to the most delicate of circumcision jobs—oh, yes, all with his one razor and with no other disinfectant than some onion juice and skins. It is a wonder that so many of his patients pull through.

About two months after the beginning, it was necessary to organize our schedule so that we could work more effectively. It was then that we set our time for First Aid work in the evening. Now we even have certain days for certain treatments. Most of our cases are sore eyes and

(*Continued on Page* 124)

(The World Neighbors team on this project consists of Kenneth Imhoff and Otis Rowe, who are located about twenty-five miles south of Assiut in the village of Afadra, on an Agriculture Experimental Farm operated by Assiut College, a United Presbyterian mission school. The local village consists of approximately 3,000 Muslims who live in mud houses—seven or eight surrounding villages are also being served. The average per capita annual income of these people is less than $15.00. Their poverty is truly appalling. This team was recruited and is administered by International Volunatry Services, Inc.)

This article gives a true picture of the great need for medical workers in our missions.—Editor

LITERACY WORK IN EGYPT

By MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

I am a writer, and for the 23 years, I have considered that writing was my primary job. I have done 16 books and about 200 short stories. But within the last two or three years writing has become something new to me, because I have begun to work with the Laubach Literacy teams in several parts of the world, and have begun to feel that the most important work I ever could do would be through this means.

I have just come back from Egypt, and I want to tell you people something about the literacy work that is going on there, because I know that you are interested in it, as I am.

I worked directly through the American Mission with that wonderful woman Davida Finney and her assistant, Marjorie Dye, and then that person whom she considers one of the great women on earth, Helana. Helana is an Egyptian herself, and she is close, closer to the people almost than anybody that anybody in Egypt knows. She has done wonderful work in literacy among the refugees and will be doing it again. Now she is working among our own Egyptian villages, where literacy campaigns are being carried on.

Of all the places that I have heard about or seen, the work of Literacy in Egypt is being carried on in the most ideal way. I think it's because of these three consecrated women. Their attitude toward teaching reading and writing now is that it must come from terrible desire on the part of the villagers. No village is approached—villagers come to the Mission and beg for literacy. A college professor at the American University where I had a chance to do some seminar work with the men who are writing for the Egyptian government, said to me that literacy was the livest word in Egypt today. Everybody wants to learn to read, and Dr. Finney has access to many, many more people than she is able to reach nowadays, because she hasn't enough personnel, the budget is too small, and there is a long waiting list, 25 villages at least, that have asked for a campaign. And there is no prospect of giving it to them now.

This article is a portion of the Egypt Centennial program presented at the WGMS Convention at Nampa, Idaho. It had been recorded by RAVEMCO at the request of Miss Martha Roy, especially for the Convention. Miss Runbeck generously gives two months each year to Literacy Team work.

Helana Mikhail and Marjorie Dye at Abbu Hennis, October, 1953

Photographs courtesy of Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature

Dr. Davida M. Finney

Everybody needs to learn to read in Egypt because the problems are so enormous: the problems of sanitation and cleanliness and health are so great, and the desire to begin to lift the standard of living is so active. And yet it cannot be done unless we here in America open our hearts wider and become more convinced that we must somehow rescue this big three-fifths of the world that is still imprisoned behind the dark curtain. We hear a great deal about the Iron Curtain and the Bamboo Curtain, but there is a Dark Curtain of Illiteracy and that—it is our business to lift.

I went into a village just to visit because my part was to see that writing got done, and gather some Egyptian writers around me and produce some reading material for these new people who are reading, and we did that. We were able to give them some small novels written in Arabic which will bring them without any effort at all up from no words through the primer, through some stories about Salah, Salah the village man. Some stories which will tell him how to do some of the useful things, how to keep his children's eyes from becoming diseased, which is a terrible, terrible danger in Egypt; how to improve his land, how to take care of his refuse so that it will not be a constant health danger. And then after these stories, we take them into little books, and at the end of the little books, they have 1200 words which they have learned painlessly, so that they hardly knew they were learning new words. That was part of my work.

But this day I want to tell you about, I went into the village where I was just a visitor, not as a teacher at all. And the woman who brought me into the village had to explain what my clothes were made of, what kind of shoes I had on, and what I had on under my skirt, and how my hair happened to be combed the way it was combed. And these women then said, "Why has she come such a long way from America? What is

(Continued on Page 102)

What matters the tatters when Literacy is within his grasp!

NEWS FROM AFAR

Ethiopia

MRS. RUTH LOBAUGH WALKER, Editor, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER

Dear Friends at Home:

Addis Ababa is supposed to be a modern city and we do have running water and electricity—i.e., at times we do. Without warning we are left without supply for indefinite times. Just as a family of seven came to us from the Sudan Mission, we had a good bath for everyone on Saturday night, which practically took our storage supply. The water runs a few hours daily to refill the barrels, which are elevated in the back yard so the water will run through the plumbing in the house. Alas, the water did *not* run next day nor the next nor for four days. We hauled water from elsewhere in barrels, but I longed for our good well in Maji where I *knew* I could get any needed supply. It is usual that any heavy storm will disconnect the electricity in this city of tall eucalyptus trees and one has always to be prepared to light the lamps and candles.

We have many guests of all sorts from friends we love to tourists we never saw before and who want us to tell them all we have learned in 35 years in a few hours. Last week we had an Agricultural Statistician. He needed to know how many acres each tribesman usually planted, how many bushels he raised per acre, etc., etc.! Down Maji way they chop out fresh forest and plant corn in unplowed, burned-off clearings and get heavy yields in this new land. In populated areas they plow over and still get very poor crops, rainfall being a varying factor. Since no one ever saw a bushel measure and in the market the corn is sold by the ear, three for 2¢ copper, we were not able to enlighten the statistician in a satisfying manner.

Many of you know Beckela Mammo —in Seattle they called him "Beck" at the University where he was studying Mining Engineering. He and his two brothers and a sister are often with us on Sabbath noon as they gather from widely scattered jobs to our Sabbath Evangelical Services. One could indeed swell with pride for the work of the American Mission as these fine-looking, clean-living, young folks are at ease at our table. Speaking English easily all the lads are holding good jobs. Beckela is now well established in the mining department and given heavy responsibility. Dugafu is a senior in secondary school (high school to you) and likely to go on in education in this country. Abrahim has completed his pilot's training, but prefers the mechanical work so has been released from the Government Air Force and has a highly paid job with Ethiopian Air Lines. Altiya, the sister, is in top class at our girl's boarding school, well fitted to be the mother in a Christian home. (Do you recall the little pamphlet "Gidada and Mammo Chorka" published after the Italian War? It told of the imprisonment of these two pastors of our Evangelical Church and their abuse and God's wonderful help in their release. These young folks are the four older children of Keis Mammo Chorka's family of fifteen).

Gutuma Rufo, whom many of you know, is our near neighbor and our hearts are constantly torn as we see him trying to be mother as well as father to his nice children.

We have much cause for praise for the work of the Holy Spirit in Sayo and Gorei recently in a Spiritual Life Conference. Numbers confessed hidden sins and asked forgiveness of

others for wrongs done or even thought. Many school boys made personal decisions to follow Christ. So the fruit of the sowing of the seed springs up and brings results. Now we need pray earnestly that Satan may be hindered from spoiling this work and that the Spirit may have free course to work in those hearts.

Also do pray the Lord to thrust out harvesters into these areas that we are responsible for. No other Mission will come into our allocated area and surely we will be held responsible for our failure to occupy. As Dr. Cremer left with his family in July, after having stayed an extra year, we have *no* doctor in Ethiopia in any of our five stations. We have just three men to care for those five stations and fine as our women are, it is not right nor good for them to be alone in the stations. Surely there is need to seek the cause of retracting work in these days of plentiful funds —God needs hearts more—which are useless without dedicated servants to use them. We know that the Lord knows and cares even more than we possibly can—so we labor on and pray that we may "walk and not faint" and that we may be faithful in whatever He gives us to do.

Mrs. Fred Russell

The South Sudan

MRS. A. Mac ROY, Editor, Nasir, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

WOMEN ADDED TO CHRIST

The life of an Anuak woman is full of abuse, gossip, and work. Most of her day is filled with pounding and sifting dura flour, and then cooking it for her family. She carries heavy tins of water from the river, and gathers firewood in the woods a mile away. She keeps her house clean and molds and fires clay pots, mends broken gourds, fashions her daughter's hairdo, strings beads, and haggles for salt and oil at the market. She also brews beer and disciplines her children, nurses her baby and chases her chickens out of the grain.

Yet every errand is an excuse for visiting and gossip. In any village we can find a group of women gathered in the shade for a talk. There are long tales of somebody's cousin who beat his wife, and the nephew who was caught with another man's wife, and the high price of meat at the market. There is always a case of abusing or cursing included, for when an Anuak woman is piqued or overworked or neglected she flips out filthy names in a stream of high-pitched invective. The insulted one retaliates and soon there is a screaming free-for-all. Anuaks could save themselves lots of sweat and tears if they remembered our childhood saying, "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me."

Anuak women frantically cling to their old ways. The fears and ceremonies of marriage, pregnancy and birth, and death are guarded by the women of the tribe. Their menfolk may be eager to adopt white man's ways, dress, food, and faith, but the women hold back. Yet out of this background God has called Anuak women. A handful have been faithful through the years, but recently wives and sisters and mothers of Christian men have been coming forward to complete families in Christ. As they have come hungry for Christ, He has been carried more and more into the everyday life of the villages. Families promising to have grace and family devotions morning and evening have made Christian flags for their villages. How thrilling it is to see the blood-red cross on the blue field flying from the peaks of thatched roofs about us! The women's side of the church is crowded each Sunday with mothers and children and school girls. The girls' school has drawn twenty-eight girls into its circle of Christian teaching. Several mothers serve on the advisory council of Anuak Christians

for the school. The Sunday School started with ten youngsters and has grown to over forty each Sunday. When the church gathered to pray for a good growing season, the women were there. When Christians tithed their fields, promising the grain from a marked portion to the Lord's work, several widows portioned their fields too.

Perhaps the greatest growth is seen in the women's group started a few months ago. Three years ago a women's group dissolved in misunderstanding. Being eager to please, I offered to teach the women to sew if they wanted to buy cloth for a dress. After hot words and long discussion, they offered me their solution: "Let's drop all this talk of sewing. We didn't want it in the first place, you brought it up. If we want to buy dresses we can go to the market. But the church isn't a market. We didn't come here for cloth; we came for the Word of God. We want to learn about God and Jesus and the Holy Spirit." I bowed to their wisdom and faith. Meeting at noon on Friday, we have memorized the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed, studied the catechism, shared the stories of women in the Bible, and learned new hymns. They have brought stories of victory to these meetings, witnessing to the new power of Jesus in their homes. One of the most faithful women is the once hard-hearted wife of an elder. She has refused to come to church for years. Another woman and her husband settled the temptation of a second wife in spite of her barrenness. A grandmother has discovered rare affection between her husband and herself. Christ *can* transform the lives of the Anuak women: He can turn flirts into loyal mothers, He can take bitterness out of busy tongues, He can lighten the burden of work, He can make blessings real. We women, Anuak and American, can pray together: "Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in us."

Mrs. Paul Arnold, Akobo station.

Egypt

MRS. W. J. SKELLIE, Editor, Assiut, Egypt

"SERVANT OF THE PEACE"

Among our school servants there is one named Abd el Salaam, "Servant of the Peace". Would that he lived up to his name! Sometimes he does, and then he is our "eager beaver" running to open doors, carrying furniture, doing extra sweeping, and being generally helpful.

But often his temperamental nature leads him to feel that he is "oppressed"—his favorite word. Then he sulks and refuses to do anything beyond the merest outline of his regular duties. At such times he is very fond of finding fault with his fellow servants just to show that he is the only person who really does his job. We dread those days.

In spite of his faults, however, we couldn't get along without Abd el Salaam. Among other duties is that of guarding the gate by which the children enter and leave school, and it is his responsibility to see that the little children leave properly accompanied by older sisters or other members of the family or by their servants. He is particularly fond of the little boys in the kindergarten and he is their friend even after they have gone on to other schools.

Another and the humblest of his jobs is the care of the playground lavatories. And it is because of the way he does this work that I write about Abd el Salaam. This is certainly not the most pleasant work one could imagine, yet he does it with a pride hard to equal in any job. This is his domain and no other servant is even allowed to help him there. As I go out on inspection he shows me where repairs need to be made, some of which he may have done, or where he has done extra scrubbing.

This is never more than necessary but he thinks it is beautiful. His face lights up with a smile as he fondly shows off his accomplishments. This is his work and he's proud of it.

During the girls' conference our "Servant of the Peace" helped to carry the bags on opening day. To his great joy Dr. Bailey took his picture with another servant as part of the conference story. As I was preparing to show the colored slides to the girls, I called in Abd el Salaam to see himself practically life-size, in color. His pleasure is hard to describe or imagine—it was a great moment in his life. None of the pictures was as beautiful as his. But the climax of his remarks was, "See how well I was carrying those bags—two great big ones! And Sawi had only one big one and one little one."

Abd el Salaam is from one of the thousands of mud villages which dot this land of Egypt. He himself has never been to school and cannot even write his name. He certainly isn't among the bright or clever people of the world. But when we live in the midst of so many who consider even the least indication of manual labor as degrading, it is a joy to know Abd el Salaam who takes such pride in the humble work that has been assigned him.

Mary C. Thompson

Pakistan and India

MRS. JOHN D. HARKNESS, Editor, Sargodha, Pakistan

FEBRUARY MUSINGS FROM THE NORMAL AND HIGH SCHOOL AT SIALKOT CITY

The birds are singing their good-night praise for a warmer sunny day after several rainy days. The first sweet peas have bloomed and the yellow blossoms that remind me of sour grass at home are tempting the school girls to steal in the garden to get them. So we have hopes that shivery weather will soon be gone, yet not too soon for we do not wish a long hot season!

I have just returned from an errand in the Boarding Department. The girls were finishing cooking their evening meal and invited me to taste it. Little Nishat told me with a sorrowful face that she had not yet found her key. These keys are the bane of their life and mine for they are always getting lost. Each has a lock for a cupboard door which guarantees more or less security for her pitifully few small possessions in the dormitory. Zinat with her bright, shining face showed me how securely her key was pinned to her clothing, while Jamila smilingly exhibited hers which she had found after it had been lost once on the playground. How they love to talk about their own desires and how little time I get to listen.

All my goings and comings through the courtyard these days are watched by five pairs of eyes belonging to five small girls on their beds on the roof because they have chicken pox. I do not know whether we are doomed to some patients of this type until Spring vacation or not. It is hard to keep them isolated and with 167 prospects (some of course have had it) it can drag on a long time. We are thankful it is not smallpox for I hear two of the scholars at the Primary School at Atari have it. I thought today of the horror with which I regarded smallpox when I came to this land and the much more casual feeling I have for it now with its constant recurrence here and there and one case in the Boarding for each of the past two years. (We do not keep them, however, the Hospital kindly cares for them.)

The Tenth Class waited on me in a body the other day to ask permission to study at night until nine o'clock instead of eight-thirty. They have their government examination the first part of March. They get up

at five-thirty but I decided they could get enough sleep so tonight granted their desire. Two Eighth Class day scholars came today desiring to come into Boarding for the last month. We sometimes grant them the privilege before their examination. The Normal examination comes the last in the line but they, too, are working towards that *big event*. Letters are coming asking to enter new girls in April. So all the signs point to a new school year.

This makes me check on what has been done in the past busy year. Thirteen girls are almost ready to start out to teach. I look at them and wonder if we have given them all they need. I remember a wise Mission mother who one time said they attempted to have each of their children firmly founded in Christ before they were sent to U.S.A. for school. This is my greatest wish for these. I especially wish for a yielding of her talents to Christ in one of the best of these. She has confessed Him as her Saviour but has not given her will to Him. As our old girls came back to us for the Refresher Course I rejoiced to see many of them who have stood firm. So we shall entrust this class to Christ that the best may develop in each as she teaches little ones.

There are the Tenth Class girls. I hope that one may be a doctor. Another would be good as a teacher if she can get her college education and later a year of training. A few will want to take nursing, I am sure. Conferences must be held soon with them to discuss their plans for the coming year. These who leave us from the Eighth, Tenth and Normal are the ones we have sifted through all their school course, keeping the ones that seemed most full of promise. Leaders for the church must have the best we can give in knowledge added to the before-mentioned foundation in Christ.

What of the Eighth Class girls? Some will go on and some will return to their villages. Many of them who do not go for further education will make good leaders in their villages as they found a home for themselves before long. God often uses the less conspicuous ones to influence lives around them by their patient, wise and helpful ways.

Even some of he little ones may not return next year. But we hope in their short time with us they will witness better with their childish faith through song, speech and action. All have had a chance to see how quickly team work does housework with a job for big and small. So as our troubles at times make us want to shiver, yet these little "flowers" of our school promise a Spring in the land and a fruitful Summer in God's kingdom. Let us, like the birds, sing God's praise at the close of the year.

Evelyn Cathcart

LITERACY WORK IN EGYPT

(Continued from Page 97

she doing here?" And my hostess said, "She has come to help to teach people to read." And without another word, forty of these women formed a quick line in front of me, and pointed to me, and pointed to themselves. They said in some words which I couldn't understand, "What are we waiting for?" I was there, they were there, and they wanted literacy. "What are we waiting for?" they said.

I say it to you, "What are we waiting for? We must enlarge our work in Egypt. I hope all of you will think about it and know that these wonderful people who are working there are giving everything they have 24 hours a day. And we must give our part, too.

The North Sudan

MRS. LEANDER FINLEY, Editor, Omdurman, The North Sudan

GEDAREF GLIMPSES

Considerable activity was crowded into the last ten days before vacation.

There was the visit of Reverend Wadia Boulos from Medani who held a week of meetings each evening in the school to a crowded house and with the overflow ranged around the windows outside. Even the front was filled with little people on kindergarten chairs.

From my seat behind the organ I look out over the audience and see Egyptians born and reared in the Sudan, Egyptians from the village of Nagada in Egypt, Ethiopians grown up in the Sudan but still bearing unmistakable signs of their nationality, Armenians, Sudanese, and even one Greek lad—all listening attentively to the message.

But this picture would be incomplete without mention of little three-year-old Kaiser (son of one of the teachers), who, dressed in his green corduroy trousers (no doubt hand-me-downs), his face beaming like the sun, wanders around trying to decide which place would be the best to crawl up and go to sleep. He finally decides on Mrs. Walker's lap.

There was the communion service on the last Sabbath and the message on Sabbath evening from Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones, "Son of Man, Can These Bones Live?" And I answered, "O Lord God, thou knowest."

Throughout the week there were daily morning Bible lessons with the four young girls and Mrs. Walker at my house where they have been learning the books of the Bible, where to find them, etc., in fact, all passed a creditable examination at the close of the lessons. One of the girls said, "I just wish we could have another month." (These lessons had been going on for a month.)

In the afternoon you might hear the sound of the Arabic equivalent for "What is man's chief end?" proceeding from my back yard, and know that someone was preparing to take an Arabic exam. After that came an hour's practice with the "choir" before evening service.

On the last Wednesday came closing exercises at the school. Several of the fourth-year class who took the general examinations in Khartoum, and all of whom passed with credit, had part in the program. Many fathers were there to see their children receive certificates. How proud they were, whether they happened to be policemen, army officers or higher government officials!

The weekly women's meeting was held on Thursday. It was started a year and a half ago with four or five in attendance, but grew until it has bulged out the walls of my house and had to be transferred to the home of Mrs. Walker to accommodate all who come. It is international in its membership of young girls and older women. Among its members are Alice, Lazeema and Um Fadly, learning to read so that they may have part in the singing and reading of the Word. There is Huda, a young girl who began to learn to read in the home a year ago, who now reads nicely in the Bible. Over there is Nafeesa, of uncertain nationality, Moslem in name but willing to attend our meeting. Last to arrive is Hiyemet who has been attending the last few weeks. Her dress and hair would indicate she has just recently come from Eritrea and the sign of the cross is on her forehead. The mother of Kamaal, leader, brought a good message on God's care over Elijah.

The younger girls lead in singing. At the close of the service they sang with Mrs. Walker the Arabic translation of "God Be With You."

Early on Saturday morning all teachers are off on the train to Khartoum to the Teachers' Conference.

Una Cole

BASHIR-UL-NISWAN

By MRS. J. A. McARTHUR, Boonville, Mo., retired missionary to India

ABOUT 40 years ago, Miss Kate Hill, feeling that there should be some way to connect the Christian women in one district with those of another, started a little newspaper, and published it from time to time. It was written by hand in the language of the people, that is, from right to left across the page, then it was lithographed, and mailed out. At first Miss Hill not only furnished the ideas and the enthusiasm and did the work, but also supplied most of the material. The value of the sheet soon became apparent, so Miss Hill was able to persuade the Synodical (the WGMS of India) to take over the management. It has been printed continuously since then, with different editors. It was named *Bashir-ul-Niswan*, meaning "The Messenger of Glad Tidings to Women." The name was suggested by Mrs. Shabaz, wife of the poet of the version of our Psalms in meter.

It soon grew to fill a very important place in the lives of the women who have little to read, so, if it did not arrive on time, we would hear, "Where is my *Bashir-ul-Niswan?*"

It has grown to a 24-page magazine, and has featured over the years, though not in every copy, devotional articles, material for the monthly missionary meetings, lists for prayer and praise, notices, news, children's page, stories, recipes, household and health hints, poems (of which the people are very fond), travelogues, articles regarding other countries, playlets for T. O. meetings, etc.

It was not thought of as a witnessing agent to outsiders, but non-Christian women have appreciated the chance to read it. Then the pressmen are all non-Christians and they, of course, read the articles. Once when a new editor was appointed the press had to be changed. When the editor read the proof of her first issue she noted a mistake or two she had made, as well as those

Miss Laura Reynolds, on furlough from Pakistan displaying Bashir-ul-Niswan at Camp Fairfield

of the pressmen. So she made a list "These are my mistakes, these are yours." She received a letter of surprise and appreciation from the owner of the press. He said that never before in the history of the press had anyone acknowledged mistakes!

The subscription price is 33¢ for the 11 annual copies, possible because the Synodical subsidizes the paper from its T.O. funds. The copyist and printer are paid at market rates, but the managing, editing and proof reading are voluntary services. During the war, paper became so scarce the Magazine was reduced to 8 pages. Again there is a paper shortage. We hope to keep the paper up to size by purchasing newsprint in America.

The little Magazine has never made any pretentions to beauty or style, but it does strive to meet the readers' needs. Its circulation goes beyond the limits of our U.P. Church. It has readers in Karachi and also in Peshawar, the full length of West Pakistan.

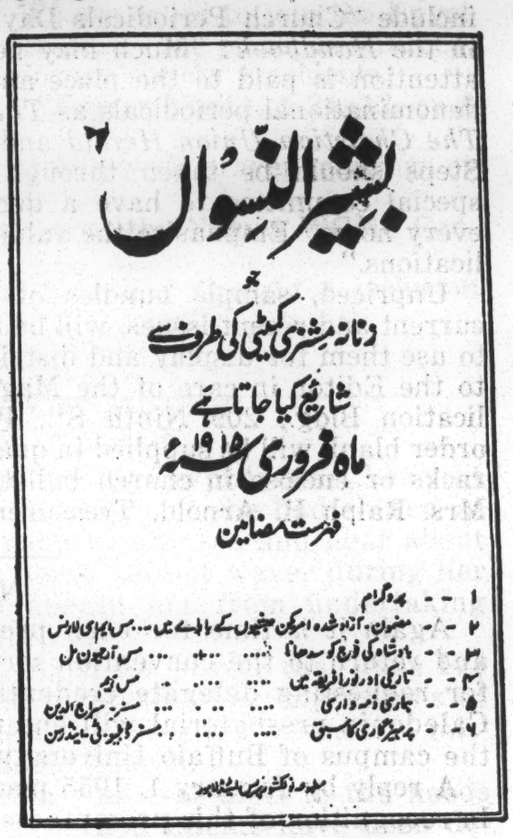
Editorials

A GIFT TO PAKISTANI WOMEN

At the New Wilmington Missionary Conference Miss Laura Reynolds asked the Editor of *Missionary Horizons* to make an inquiry for her from Pittsburgh wholesale company that furnishes paper for our magazine, concerning cost and weight of sufficient newsprint for a year's issues of *Bashir-ul-Niswan*.

All the time, the Editor kept wishing there were some way to purchase this paper as a gift to the Christian women of Pakistan. But, how? The cost of the paper itself would be $97.02, plus packing for overseas mailing and trucking to New York! Then came the answer, through interested human resources!

Miss Reynolds was at Women's Week at Camp Fairfield. So was the Editor (and this is a good place to digress to say that the Camp affords the opportunity for a delightful "vacation with a purpose"—where good food and good fellowship abound.). Fairfield Camp women wanted Miss Reynolds to have that paper for Pakistan! They decided to take an offering—the good American way—little dreaming that their generosity would cover almost the cost of the paper itself. When all counted, it amounted to $93.65! When these women in America are reading *Missionary Horizons* they may think of Pakistani women reading *Bashir-ul-Niswan* during 1955. The 36 reams of paper have been purchased, packed for overseas, and sent to New York, from whence they go to Karachi, and to our mission.



بشیر النسواں

دوماہ مشنری کمیٹی کی طرف سے

شائع کیا جاتا ہے

ماہ فروری سنہ ۱۹۱۵ء

فہرست مضامین

۱ - - پروگرام

۲ - - مضمون۔ آزاد شدہ امریکن مشنریوں کے بارے میں ... مس ایرامی لارنس

۳ - - بادشاہ کی فوج کو سدھانا .... مس آرچیبالڈ مل

۴ - - تاریکی اور روشنی طریقہ میں ... ... مس بوم

۵ - - ہماری ذمہ واری .... مسز سراج الدین

۶ - - پرہیزگاری کا سبق .... مسز ڈبلیو۔ بی مینڈرسن

مطبوعہ وکٹوریہ پریس لمیٹڈ لاہور

Cover page, Bashir-ul-Niswan

PROGRAM CALENDAR FOR 1955

The first order for 1955 *Program Calendars* arrived during the first week of September. We rejoice in the eager anticipation of the one who sent the order, and that she had the *faith* that the *Program Calendars* would be ready as usual. An important word in our program theme for the coming year is "Faith" . . . but more about theme in next issue!

We have the faith also to believe that the *Program Calendars* will come from the printer at the scheduled time and be ready for mailing on November 1. We are glad for your orders now and they will be filled as nearly as possible—first-come orders, first sent out. Order from Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold, 510 S. Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

The size remains the same; the theme and topics are challenging; little pictures decorate program pages; Scripture and *Prayer Cycle* suggestions are listed, as well as space for date, place of meeting, hostesses and program leaders. Some new features await you. Those who have asked for more space for writing names of members and officers will have that wish granted this year, plus informational data for ready reference.

Again we are holding the sale price down to 10¢ each, but please include sufficient postage to mail the *Program Calendars* to you. Kindly remember to send money *with* your order to save time and bookkeeping expense. Determine amount of postage by finding out from your post office in what zone you are located from Pittsburgh, and the rate of parcel post therefrom. Eight to ten Program Calendars make a pound, with wrapping.

OCTOBER 17—CHURCH PERIODICALS DAY

Special days and events listed in our *United Presbyterian Plan Book* include "Church Periodicals Day" on October 17. This message appears in the *Handbook*: "Much may be made of this Day as attention is paid to the place and the mission of such denominational periodicals as *The United Presbyterian, The Christian Union Herald* and *Missionary Horizons*. Steps should be taken through session, trustees, or special committee to have a denominational paper in every home. Emphasize the value of other similar publications."

Unpriced, sample bundles of *Missionary Horizons*, current and recent issues, will be mailed to all who wish to use them for display and distribution. Send requests to the Editor in care of the Magazine office, 906 Publication Bldg., 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Individual subscription order blank will be supplied in quantities to include in mailings, put in pew racks or enclose in church bulletins. All subscriptions should be sent to Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold, Treasurer, 510 S. Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

NOTICE!

Again it is time for each presbyterial recording secretary to fill in and return to the convention secretary the traditional white form used for requesting delegate credentials to the annual WGMS Convention. Caledonia presbyterial will entertain the Convention in June, 1955, on the campus of Buffalo University, Buffalo, N. Y.

A reply by January 1, 1955 places your presbyterial on the Honor Roll. In recognition of this promptness, the secretary's name, the presbyterial she represents and the date the delegates' names arrived will be published in *Missionary Horizons*.

Program planning, committee appointments and arrangements for transportation and housing are simplified when this request for promptness is requested. The Convention officers, and the local committee say —THANK YOU—for your cooperation.

Mrs. Grant B. Gibson, Convention Secretary

WIDOWS OF MISSIONARIES

Many of them are available for Thank Offering and missionary addresses.

From Pakistan-India

Mrs. D. Emmet Alter.....Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. W. T. Anderson..760 Wright Ave.,Camden, N.J.
Mrs. M. M. Brown..5505 N. 52nd St., Omaha, Nebr.
Mrs. Osborne Crowe.....New Wilmington, Pa.
Mrs. Wallace J. Downs.....New Wilmington, Pa.
Mrs. J. C. Heinrich.....
.....216 Johnson House, Oberlin, Ohio
Mrs. Robert Maxwell.....New Wilmington, Pa.
Mrs. J. H. Stewart.....Tarkio, Missouri

From Egypt

Mrs. J. W. Baird....915 E. 1st St., Monmouth, Ill.
Mrs. W. W. Hickman.....
.....1125 E. Detroit Ave., Monmouth, Ill.
Mrs. Fred S. McGeoch.....Ezel, Kentucky
Mrs. R. G. McGill..5507 London Rd., Duluth 4, Min.
Mrs. C. P. Russell.....
.....401 W. Chelten Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Mrs. A. A. Thompson.....New Concord, Ohio
Mrs. R. W. Walker.....Sterling, Kansas

From the Sudan

Mrs. George A. Sowash.....New Wilmington

From Ethiopia

Mrs. Robt. W. Hockman.....
.....Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.
Mrs. D. C. Henry....624 W. 7th Ave., Boone, Iowa

HELP FOR NOV. PROGRAM

A new booklet *May We Introduce CHURCH EXTENSION* written by James K. Leitch, D.D., of the U.P. Board of American Missions is a good denominational supplement to the study book *Man and God in the City*. A copy may be secured free from the Board of American Missions.

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

Are you using the *Garden of Prayer?* Timely messages, Scripture and quotations. Order from THE GARDEN OF PRAYER, 2768 Bailey Road, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. 15¢ single copy. 50¢ for one yearly subscription, or 40¢ when more than one copy is sent to same address.

EGYPT CENTENNIAL — November 15, 1954

Exactly one hundred years ago on November 15, our first missionaries, the Thomas McCagues, arrived in Egypt. We are called to join the Egypt Mission in the observance of this historic occasion. The plans, as outlined, will be mailed to all pastors and local missionary society presidents:

1. Plans and instructions for holding a "Prayer Vigil" of 24, 12, or 8 hours.
2. A plan for special prayer meetings at mid-week prayer meetings or on Sabbath, November 14.
3. A copy of the Centennial pageant given at the Nampa WGMS Convention, adapted for congregational use.

The Board of Administration will send loose-leaf flyers for inclusion in church bulletins.

MEMORIAL FROM EGYPT MISSION
MRS. CHARLES W. FULTON

A little over a year ago Mrs. Fulton arrived in Egypt to start her visit to the mission fields in Africa in whose development she had shared as a member of the Women's Board. Her eagerness to see and hear about every phase of the work so dear to her heart did not waver during her trip even though physical weakness hindered her from undertaking much that she would have desired to do.

In conversation with missionaries she asked for prayer that upon her return to America she might be enabled to present her impressions of the work and its needs in such a way as to increase the interest in missionary effort among members of the home church.

As Prayer Group Secretary Mrs. Fulton was ever alert to the needs of our missionaries. Latterly her enthusiasm and talents have been devoted to work among the Juniors. To every task that fell to her lot she gave of her talent with consecrated energy.

To the Women's Board who have lost a loyal co-laborer we would express appreciation for Mrs. Fulton's life and service, and sympathy in their loss. For the daughter who misses her mother's companionship we pray that memories of a life nobly spent in her Master's service may bring comfort.

Miss Mary L. Thompson

THE WOMAN'S PULPIT ANNOUNCES CONTEST WINNERS

In the recent sermon contest, open to woman ministers only, sponsored by *The Women's Pulpit*, official organ of The American Association of Women Ministers, edited by the Rev. Florence Resor Jardine, Methodist minister of Letts, Iowa, awards were as follows:

1st.—$50.00 to Rev. Mildred E. Hooper, So. Berwick, Maine, of the Christian Church, for her sermon, "Dwelling Places of God."

2nd.—$25.00 to Rev. Ruth Sergeant Bast, Binger, Okla., Congregationalist, whose subject was "Six Magic Words."

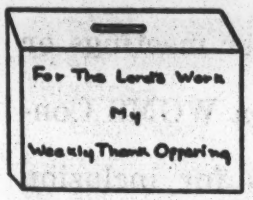
3rd.—$15.00 to Rev. Laura E. Bradbury, Linn, Kansas, Methodist, for her sermon "The Revolt of Youth."

4th.—Honorable Mention to Rev. Emma Bancroft Yinger, Marshall, Mich., Methodist, for her sermon, "I Have Come into the Garden to Gather Lilies."

The contest was judged by the following: Dr. M. Willard Lampe, Professor Emeritus of the School Of Religion at the State University of Iowa; President Katherine Gillette Blyley, Keuka College, Keuka Park, New York; and Dr. Frank Nelson Gardner, Drake Univ., Des Moines, Iowa.

Thank Offering

MRS. RUSSELL K. MONTGOMERY, Secretary, 9 Pocono Drive, Pittsburgh 20, Pa.



THANK OFFERING A MEANS OF SHARING

"I am a humble pensioner for my daily bread;
Shall I forget my brothers who seem in greater need?
I know not how it happened that I have more than they,
Unless God meant that I should give a large part away.

"The humblest wayside beggar and I have wants the same;
Close, side by side, we walked, when God called out one name,
So, brother, it but happened that the name he called was mine
The food was given for both—here, part of it is thine."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

GROWTH IN THANKFUL GIVING

Thank Offerings presented to God day after day and year after year should reveal something of our inward being. Daily Thank Offerings tend to develop:

A constant growth of thankful giving.

A deeper and more intelligent feeling of thanksgiving.

A genuine recognition of the everyday blessings of life as derived from God.

A burning desire that others should know the message of the Gospel.

A strengthening of the means of worshipping God in giving thanks and praise to Him.

HOW LAST YEAR'S THANK OFFERING HELPED OTHERS

The Regular Thank Offerings and Memorial Gifts were used to supplement the regular giving to missions and were disbursed to each field of work according to the need. This last year the distribution included: $128,000 to Foreign Missions; $84,000 to American Missions; $3,000 to Benevolence; $5,000 to Temperance and Reform; $3,000 to Literature; $5,000 to Missionary Horizons; and $4,000 to Junior Missionary Magazine.

The Special Thank Offerings of Life Memberships and Directorships were placed in Special Funds to be used for new schools, churches, hospitals, new equipment and repairs, scholarships to each of our church colleges; the Seminary grant to the Department of Christian Education, and five $500 gifts for repairs to rural church parsonages. During this last year from the Senior Life Membership Fund, $9,000 was used to build the W.G.M.S. Missionary Residence at Gedaref, Sudan, and $11,500 will be used for the new nurses' home at Frenchburg, Kentucky.

ATTENTION SOCIETY THANK OFFERING SECRETARIES, TEEN AGE SPONSORS AND JUNIOR SUPERINTENDENTS

Recording the Thank Offering

Cooperate with Society Treasurer in recording the *amount* of the Thank Offering and the *number* of Life Members, Directors and Memorial Gifts on the *Society Remittance Form.*

Cooperate with Society Treasurer in recording the *names* and *donors* of Life Members, Directors and Memorial gifts on *Society Life Membership Information Form.* For sake of accuracy, print or type these names and donors; also see that the list of those receiving certificate is complete and spelled correctly.

Note that the *Society Thank Offering Money* and Society *Thank Offering Life Membership Information Forms* must reach your Presbyterial Treasurer no later than November 15. At the Presbyterial level, all *Thank Offering money* and the original *So-*

(Continued on Page 117)

Prayer Groups

MRS. WALTER C. BRETHAUER, Secretary
118 Brightwood Ave., Pittsburgh 29, Pa.

A PRAYER

Father of all mankind, throughout this day and every day, help me to remember that a very real portion of Thy Kingdom has been placed in my keeping. Therefore teach me to love Thee:

With all my mind — that I may think Thy thoughts after Thee, from dawn to dark, making beautiful and significant each decision of my daily living; help me to remove all prejudice and small-mindedness, O Lord:

With all my heart—that I may love those whom Thou lovest, feeling for even the most unlovable and difficult of Thy children Thine own everlasting mercy:

With all my soul—that I may seek fresh ways in which we can all be one in Jesus Christ our Lord, praying for Thy divine power to surge through my commonplace routine from morning till night:

With all my strength—that I may work the works of Him who sent me while it is day, seeking to channel through every act Thy devotion to the needs of both my neighbor and myself. Remind me from moment to moment that this is not optional, but the last command of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Quicken me and use me this day for Thy name's sake. Amen.

(*Source Unknown*)

PRAYER CYCLE—NOVEMBER

Select Days calling for prayer for our Missions in large Foreign Cities.

Political unrest rears its ugly head from time to time in our foreign mission fields. While our work abroad is not at all of a political nature, nevertheless political disturbance limits the freedom of our missionaries. Thank God for His care over our workers in the past. Pray that the God of all nations may over-rule the affairs of these lands; that His will may be done.

Where masses of people suffer hunger and continual poverty and deprivation, Communism finds a fertile field for its propaganda. This is especially true in large cities. Promises of a full stomach sound sweet to the ears of those who constantly suffer the pangs of hunger. Pray that God will show the way to check the inroads of Communism; that He will direct in the alleviation of the ills and the injustices that prevail among great masses of peoples in mission lands; pray that hunger for the Bread of Life may also be assuaged.

Pray that the Church at home may take full advantage of every opportunity that is open to us to "Go—preach—teach". Pray that the urgency of the hour may bring forth more laborers, more prayer, more gifts.

November 15, 1854 was the exact date of the arrival of our first missionaries in Egypt. The one hundredth anniversary of this significant occasion is to be celebrated in America on the 14th and 15th of November. Committees have been working for months that the Church at home may fitly observe this important milestone of missionary endeavor. November 15 is to be a twenty-four hour Fellowship of Prayer. Pray that the commemoration of the birth of the Egypt mission may serve to quicken interest and deepen devotion that the day may soon come when "the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord."

As the October Magazine goes to press we are sad to report that Mrs. Brethauer has been bereft of her husband who died August 21. He was an esteemed elder of North Church, Pittsburgh. Of this experience Mrs. Brethauer says, "I have great comfort and peace of heart in knowing that Walter had a great faith." Let us remember Mrs. Brethauer in our prayers.—Editor

The Teens

MRS. H. ANDREW BRUDER, Secretary
1001 McCleary St., McKeesport, Pa.

Theme for November: Spires and Minarets.

Scripture: Matthew 21:10; Hebrews 11:10.

Song-of-the-Month: "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come." SCW 303.

Thanksgiving Day and our study for this month afford a great opportunity for Teen-Agers to have a very interesting meeting.

Have you thought of using a worship center in your meeting? I think a picture of your own church or maybe a miniature church placed in a central spot with the Bible and a bowl of fruit or fall flowers would be fine. These would serve to direct the thoughts of all toward thankfulness to God for our blessings.

If you know someone who has been a Social Service worker or a City Missionary it would be fine to invite her (or him) to share experiences with your group.

Also in preparation for this meeting you can find some very interesting material in previous issues of *Missionary Horizons* about our own Home Mission work in the city.

A pamphlet is available from the Literature Department at two cents per copy entitled "Teen Agers are Members Too" dealing with the things they can do as church members. It would be nice to give a copy to each one present at the meeting.

There is also a pamphlet, available for the asking, on Home Mission Projects for Teen Agers. Some good Christmas Gift projects.

Prayer Cycle: Pray for our missions in large cities.

The latter half of our Home Mission study *They Live in the City"* also deals with the way in which the church reaches out to others in the community, of all nationalities.

As the story closes, Kathie, who had had so many misgivings about leaving her home in the country and moving to the city now comes back home, but in a different way. The family decides that one part of the home farm would be a wonderful site for a summer conference center that the State Council of Churches was hunting. So Kathie's Junior High group had, as we would call it, a "work camp" at the old farm. They were joined there by the group she had left in the country church and all working together began to put the land in shape for a camp.

There was Joe, Nick, Angela, Carlotta and others from the mission group as well as the young people from the city church. What a wonderful time they had that day in the country. When evening came all were tired but happy in the thought of the future of the work they had started.

Quite fittingly the day was closed with a period of worship, or prayer and thanksgiving and all singing "Day Is Dying in the West" as the sun sank behind the trees. As Kathie said, "They really had planted something more than trees that day."

Look around you in your class at school. Are there other young people there that you should be inviting to share the privileges and blessings of your church? Maybe they have a different background from yours but Christ's message is for all and He has asked us to be His helpers in spreading it unto the uttermost ends of the earth. The best place to begin mission work is right among your own friends. This too, is one of the fruits of thankfulness.

A Teen-Age Playlet

THE LEAST OF THESE

By MRS. JOHN M. ROCK, Wayne, Michigan

Scene 1—A Teen-Circle Meeting

Characters

Sally—the president
Mary—the devotional leader
Anne—the service chairman
Jane—the treasurer
Rachel—the secretary
Eleanor—the new member

SALLY: Our devotions this evening will be led by Mary.

MARY: Our scripture this evening is Matthew 25:31-46. I have asked Anne to read it for us. As she reads let's all try to picture ourselves as ones who are ready to "do it unto the least of these," as Jesus mentions in this passage.

ANNE: Reads Matthew 25:31-46.

MARY: As a Mission Circle I think we should always try to do God's will in our lives. We should remember that we don't live alone in the world.

"None of us lives to himself:
Year by year and day by day
The things we think and do and say
Touch others.
We live with many folk, and they
Are near us in our work and play.

"Our thoughts have ways of pushing through
The things we say and the things we do—
Touching others.
Lord, keep me close, so close to you,
That what I think and say and do
Will help.
For none of us lives to himself."

Let us bow our heads in prayer. "Lord, Jesus, we pray that Thou wilt show us how to live for Thee every day. Help us to see that other people need us, then help us to do the right thing to help them. May we always live so that Jesus can say to us, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' We pray in Thy name. Amen."

I have given a letter from one of our missionaries in Ethiopia to Sally to read to us. It tells of some of the activities that take place on a mission station.

SALLY: (*reads the letter*) "Dear Friends: Life here at the mission station is certainly busy. The hospital is over-crowded because of epidemics. Many people in our Christian churches have been ill. They come to our hospital. Many of the non-Christians come, too, with their families. In other words, if the sick person comes, his wife and children come, too. They all feel they must stay until the sick person is well. We are glad for the opportunity to tell them about Jesus, but it does make a huge crowd for so small a hospital.

"The schools are really progressing. The boys are allowed to come more often than the girls. We keep them in separate classes, as many of the people feel it is wrong to have girls in the same groups with boys. The parents let the children come, then suddenly decide the children are learning too much, so they don't let them come anymore. But the rate of literacy is rising slowly but surely, for which we are thankful.

"We had a play not long ago with the very small children. We were telling the story of the baby Moses. We had a doll in a basket. When the child came to get the doll, she drew back from it and refused to touch it. She had never seen a doll before. Imagine, a child ten years old who has never seen a doll! We finally restored order, and the play continued.

"Right now I am planning to start a new class for older young people. We train them to go out into the neighboring villages to tell the people there about Jesus. Many of them have never even heard about Him.

"We think often of the work there in America, and hope that you too are thinking and praying about us in Ethiopia."

SALLY: Thank you, Mary. Now we will have the business. I think the main thing to be discussed tonight is what service we can do. We are to decide something that we as a group can do to help others. Anne, as service chairman, do you have anything to say now?

ANNE: I have a few ideas, but first I'd like to ask the group. Jane, what do you think we could do?

JANE: A bake sale! Our mothers could bake cakes and things, which we could sell in a store somewhere to make money for our treasury and believe me, we need money.

ANNE: That sounds like a good idea, only I was asking for things we could do, not

This playlet was sent to Mrs. R. B. McNary who, until recently, was Teen Secretary. May be adapted to other groups having a doll project, or wishing to develop interest in a specific project of some kind.

things our mothers could do. What should we do with the money, Jane?

JANE: We might have a party. (*Pauses*) But we're trying to think of ways we can help other people, aren't we? Maybe we could buy something for the church.

RACHEL: Maybe we could do cleaning, painting or something at the church. Do you think they'd let us?

SALLY: I think they would. Write that down.

ANNE: I will. Now what other ideas? (*Looks around. No one seems to have any ideas.*) Here are some things on my list. Write to our servicemen. Plan an afternoon of games for little children in an orphange or somewhere. Go Christmas carolling. Do sewing for somebody who needs it. Baby sit so mothers can go to the Women's Missionary Meeting. But I still don't seem to have anything that we can start in on, and *do* right now.

ELEANOR: Maybe there is something in that letter that Sally read.

MARY: I never thought of looking in it for an idea. Ethiopia seems so far away, I never thought of doing anything for anybody over there. It's a good idea though.

RACHEL: I guess they need things like clothes, books, pencils, paper, medicine. Perhaps we could send them something.

JANE: Since we don't have money in the treasury perhaps we could send something cheap.

SALLY: We don't want to be too cheap about it. If we're serving we really want to *serve* with our lives, not just give leftovers.

ELEANOR: I know I'm new in the group, but I feel like Sally does. I'd really like to *do* something for somebody else. Maybe we could sew for those people. I know I'd like to help.

JANE: If we do sewing, we can find a lot of materials and thread at home. That'll save buying it.

SALLY: Here's an idea. You'll probably think it's silly, but the missionary says that many little girls ten years old have never seen a doll. Maybe we could send some dolls.

RACHEL: That doesn't seem important. I think we should do something with more meaning.

ANNE: I don't know. Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." That scripture that I read talked about "doing something for the least of these." I think giving happiness to children would be one of the best things we could do. I know Jesus loved children. And I feel terrible about those kids ten years old who have never seen a doll:

MARY: I move we make dolls to send to Ethiopia.

RACHEL: I second that motion.

SALLY: All in favor say "aye."

ALL: Aye.

SALLY: Motion passed. Did any of you ever make sock dolls? My mother has. One sock makes one doll. Then you stuff them and dress them.

ELEANOR: I've seen those sock dolls. You can embroider eyes, or sew buttons on for eyes. I think we could make them if we wanted to.

JANE: That wouldn't cost us much in money. It will cost us a lot in time and effort but we can give that to Jesus.

ANNE: Well, as service chairman, I want to say that I'm pleased with all of you. Let's go home now and get started on our dolls. (*All exit.*)

Hymn (by the audience), "O Jesus Thou Art Standing" (261 SCW)

Scene 2—A Mission station in Ethiopia.

Characters

Missionary nurse
Missionary teacher
Chamee, an Ethiopian woman
Chamee's three small daughters
Three or four Ethiopian girls

On Stage—Teacher and Nurse

TEACHER: I understand that the mail will come sometime today.

NURSE: Yes we have waited a long time for things we really need. I do hope the mail gets through now, or it will be too late to come before the rains.

TEACHER: Chamee's children have gone down the road to watch for the men bringing the things.

NURSE: Here come some of the girls. It is time for your class. I must hurry to the hospital to take care of all the clinic patients. (*Exits*)

(*Enter girls*)

TEACHER: Good morning, girls.

GIRLS: Good morning. (*Find places on floor and sit down, talking and laughing*)

CHAMEE'S DAUGHTER: (*running in soon after the girls enter*): It's here! It's here! (*Runs excitedly.*)

(*Everyone runs to look. Girls rush out.*)

CHAMEE: (*entering*) Here it is! The children told me first. It's been so long since the mail came! I wonder what they have sent all the way from America.

TEACHER: I can think of many things we need, but we'll see.

(*Nurse and girls enter. Each has a box. There are five boxes. All mill around, including Chamee's children.*)

TEACHER: (*opening one box*) Oh, Nurse, look! Some medicines for you. Other equipment for the hospital.

NURSE: That will help in my work. The more help I can get from America, the easier it is to show people how Jesus loves them.

TEACHER: Here is a box of blankets and clothing.

CHAMEE: Oh, I have been saving my money to buy a blanket. Could I get one? The children get so cold at night.

TEACHER: Of course, Chamee. We'll see that you get one.

NURSE: A box of books, pencils, paper, and other school supplies. We certainly need that.

TEACHER: (*Jokingly*) Now you girls will have to work harder.

(*Girls look eagerly at contents of box.*)

TEACHER: Here are Bibles we asked for.

ONE OF THE GIRLS: Oh may I have one? I want a Bible more than anything else.

NURSE: We will give out the Bibles as far as they go.

TEACHER: I wonder what is in this box. Why it's dolls for the children. How wonderful!

CHAMEE'S CHILDREN: Oh! Oh! (Teacher *gives each child a doll to hold.*) (*The children look at them wonderingly then hug them happily.*)

CHAMEE: Oh it's wonderful that the Americans remember the children too.

ONE OF THE GIRLS: Even if we are grown up do you think we could just hold the dolls for awhile?

TEACHER: Here you are. We must save them for the little children but I think we could all hold them.

NURSE: We have a lot of wonderful things here. I think we should thank God for these beautiful gifts from our American brothers and sisters.

CHAMEE (*takes a Bible from the box of Bibles and hands it to the Teacher.*) Teacher will you read from God's book?

TEACHER: (*Reads Matthew* 25:31-46)

HOW TO MAKE A SOCK DOLL

Cut a large man's sock in two below the heel of the foot.

Cut off cuff down from the top into two pieces about two inches long for the legs and feet. Sew up the sides and across the bottom.

The heel is the face. With the extra pieces make two arms and two ears. Stuff them. Stuff the whole doll. Sew up the opening at the back of the head. Sew on the arms and ears.

For stuffing, nylon hose may be used as they dry quickly after washing. Cotton is extremely slow in drying. Other materials may be used.

For the face embroider eyes nose and mouth. Buttons may be used instead of embroidery. Yarn may be used for hair.

Dress the dolls in any fashion desired. Patterns are obtainable from dress pattern companies for various types of sock dolls.

AMERICA'S GREATNESS

I looked for the greatness of America in her ample rivers and commodious harbors and it was not there; I looked for the greatness of America in her natural resources and it was not there; I looked for it in her matchless Constitution and it was not there; I looked for it in her system of education and it was not there; not until I went into the churches of America and heard her pulpits flame with righteousness did I find the secret of America's greatness. America is great because America is good, and if America ceases to be good, America will cease to be great.

—de Tocqueville of France

WORLD COMMUNITY DAY—November 5, 1954

Many U.P. church women throughout our land will be meeting with women of other denominations to consider together the theme: "Building Lasting Peace" centering around the worship thought, "Let the children come to me." Excellent program materials are available from the General Department of United Church Women, N.N.C., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Materials offered include a Program, Guide for Local Chairman, a pageant, suggestions for Leaders of a Children's Service, report blanks, information concerning how and where to send used clothing for World Service projects. Packet with samples, 40¢.

The Juniors

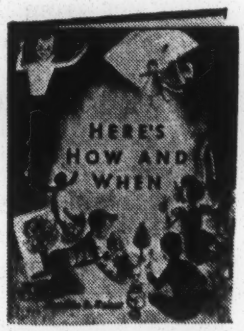
TEACHING THAT LIVES

The young parents and teachers in the Glenview Church agreed that Miss Mooney was the leader who had influenced them the most because she had helped them live everything she taught. Miss Mooney smiled when she heard this and declared that she had simply used the tools that had come to her hands. "Some of my best tools are books," Miss Mooney said.

At the present time Miss Mooney is particularly keen about the five Friendship Press books that make up "the teacher's bookshelf." She says, "Whenever I want to use a song or story or game from another land with the children I turn to that bookshelf. And I depend on it for activity and method suggestions, too."

To use and enjoy the songs of people of other lands is to enter into their lives and feelings. Young and old can identify themselves with Christians of other lands as they sing the work, play and worship songs in *The Whole World Singing,* by Edith Lovell Thomas.

Stories that will add romance and reality to the work of the church in this and other lands are to be found in *The Missionary Story Hour,* by Nina Millen. The children who hear the stories will be led to develop interest in the people of other lands and a feeling of responsibility for them.



The sharing of play life is one way of increasing friendship with other people. *Children's Games from Many Lands,* by Nina Millen, offers a store of fun and fellowship with people of other countries through the simple enjoyment of the games that they play.

To make it possible for the child to express his own ideas and to give form to his creative thought is the aim of every understanding teacher. *Here's How and When,* by Armilde B. Keiser, is full of suggestions that will help the leader encourage her children to express their own ideas freely and of resources that will aid them in planning creative and satisfying experiences.

Friends With All the World, by Edith F. Welker, carries specific suggestions for the missionary education of children, in the home, the church and the community. It will help the church leader with suggested patterns of organization and program, and with the techniques of developing the relationships that lead to growth in vital Christian living.

Here on this bookshelf are the tools that will enable those who use them to help their pupils live everything they teach.

(Your denominational bookstore will supply you with *The Whole World Singing,* cloth $2.75, paper $1.50; *The Missionary Story Hour,* and *Children's Games from Many Lands,* cloth $2.00, paper $1.50; *Here's How and When* and *Friends With All the World,* cloth $2.75, paper $1.50.)

Negro Missions

MRS. G. VIRGIL HUTCHISON, Sec'y.,
Imperial, Pa.

School has started in Wilcox County, Ala., just as it has in your local schools, and our teachers find themselves busy with capacity enrollments. There a few changes in the roll of the instructors.

We are sorry to lose the services of Mrs. Nora Smith Daniels from Camden Academy. Delegates to the WGMS at Detroit will remember her and her humorous story of her girls and their relay team as they won one contest after another, finally placing one runner with those who went to Europe for the Olympic Games. Mrs. Daniels left her beloved Camden Academy to be with her husband in Montgomery, Ala. She will be greatly missed. She never spared herself nor allowed her teams to do less than their best.

Camden has carried on a hot-lunch program for several years without help from the Board but it has not been able to render full service because of lack of funds. The enrollment is high and many children are not able to pay anything for the hot lunch which they so sorely need. Mr. Peoples has asked that we sponsor free lunches for these needy ones. Hunger is a sad companion for a child. Even with some free food from the government, it costs fifteen cents per day for a child's lunch. This counts up to $3.00 per school month, $27.00 per school year. We are going forward in faith that the church will help again this year. Miller's Ferry and Camden will appreciate aid for those unable to help themselves.

A recent release from Mr. Marshall I. Pickens, Director of the Duke Endowment Fund proves interesting. It is a survey of twelve general hospitals, without schools of nursing, as to patients, employees, and costs.

Average of 12 Hospitals	*Jubilee '53*	*Jubilee '52*
Beds	45	37	37
Patient per day	27.2	26.2	28.8
Employees	43	33	32
Employees per Patient day	1.6	1.3	1.1
Days of care	11,148	10,363	11,503
Free days care	1,550	4,062	3,387
%free	14.4	39.2	29.4
% negro	40	100	100
Newborn infants	360	228	249
In-patients discharged (newborn excluded)	1,732	1,429	1,554
*Daily per capita cost	$13.40	$7.71	$7.38

*Does not include interest, rent, taxes, depreciation.

Measured against other small hospitals, Jubilee has given good care at a lower per capita cost. We greatly appreciate the generous aid given by the Duke Endowment for the care of free patients. A new tuberculosis sanatarium has recently been completed within reach of Henderson, N. C., and it is probable that those formerly sent to Jubilee will now be transferred there. This will free the two wards maintained for them in Jubilee Hospital and make more beds available for general care.

Iris Lynn Brown, fourteen-month-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Brown, Selma Alabama

Indian Missions

MRS. WALLACE G. McGEOCH
266 Second St., Leechburg, Pa.

WHAT IS THE FUTURE FOR UNCLE SAM'S WARDS?

(Condensed article from National Fellowship of Indian Workers No. 56, by Galen R. Weaver, Director of Religion and Race, Congregational Christian Churches.)

The dilemma still persists. Shall the American Indians continue to maintain themselves in their distinctive cultures or shall they be urged to mix and mingle with other Americans? The trend for several decades has been in the direction of breaking down social and economic isolation. Radios, automobiles, schools and roads draw people into the main stream of associated living.

If the pace of change is too fast, the possibility of any conservation of cultural values is altogether lost and we will have very serious individual personality problems and much social disorganization. All this means careful planning that involves consent and cooperation from the Indians themselves.

The matter of consent on the part of the Indians themselves is a crucial aspect of Governmental policy since the Indians are people. "Consent" by the Indian Americans includes such elements as participation in planning for orderly changes in their relationships to Federal, state and local governments. A truly democratic process of this sort is the only relationship that will result in a long term well being for the nation or Indian Americans.

The white man can help appreciably by learning the positive elements in Indian background and by showing a wholesome respect for Indians as persons. They should also support wise and constructive legislative and administrative measures.

Churches can play a direct part in terms of their own special contributions. Missionaries are still greatly needed among Indian people and should have training in the principles of sound human relations. A genuine and intellectually well grounded respect for the Indian cultural heritage as well as the capacity to deal with Indian persons on a basis of democratic equality are indispensable.

A corps of highly qualified Indian leaders to meet the new day of adjustment is perhaps the greatest need of all. This means pastors and religious educators, but it also involves professional level leadership in all the other vocations.

Probably the most significant program the denominations could now support in the field of Indian affairs is one aimed at discovering college-ability high school youth and giving them encouragement and guidance, along with appropriate financial assistance.

Wherever Indian youth are to be found, church leaders should give special attention to ways of exposing them to the wider fellowship of the Christian Church. Too long have they lived in relative isolation. Church members should be the first to alert themselves to these opportunities to be hospitable and understanding. Their helpfulness will be especially needed during the period of adjustment on the part of the newcomers, who are strange to the ways of urban living.

TAMA MISSION NEWS

The words of the Master of men ring out the glorious message of the finished work of Christ for the redemption of the world. It comes to men from one generation to the next, from one nation to the other, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." We find the love and compassionate concern of God in Christ

for mankind, aptly expressed in John 3:16. The Mesquakie was in the mind and heart of God when Jesus Christ uttered these words referring, of course, to other races of men.

We, at Tama, ought to express with all sincerity in our hearts, gratitude that God is mindful of our people.

Our Mission in rural America is entering upon its fiftieth year of evangelical proclamation of the saving gospel of the Son of God. We have seen many come and go who had heard the call of the gospel. Your missionaries are some of the product of the gospel that this mission proclaimed in the past. Though Jesus himself testified, "a prophet hath no honor in his own country," it is our privilege to try to preach the saving gospel to lost mankind for we love the gospel.

Though this past year tried the hearts of all concerned, others heard the Christian message and decided to go the way it showed. Easter season is the preferred time when hearts have the desire to go the way which leads to life. The spirit and fragrance of that first Easter morn seem to permeate the atmosphere and has caused many hearts to burn within. The Emmaus Road experience is contagious, bringing to us a deep conviction of the value and worth of the message of Christian missions namely, the death and the resurrection of the Saviour.

The heart of the Indian is responsive within though it comes out slowly in expression consequently. Individually an Indian responds when approached personally with the message of life. Unlike the other races he hesitantly but with a desire to do so, expresses Christianity openly. He does so quietly and slowly. Pray with us and for us that we may give wholeheartedly of ourselves to Christ and to His serving.

Those in Christian service are encouraged and inspired by the response of the people and their testimonies. One old Indian, after listening attentively to the gospel story of God's love to him, remarked, "No one ever told me this before, you are the first one." That alone should motivate any child of God with the love of God for the souls of men, to tell the grand old story of God's love unto all men.

We owe a lot to these Indians from whom so much has been taken. We may show our appreciation and our love for the Indian by giving in return our prayers, love, and Christian charity. We do not ask for pity, but an opportunity to find our places in God's creation as He would have it.

Louis Mitchell

THANK OFFERING
(Continued from Page 108)

ciety T.O. Life Membership Informational Forms must reach the office of the W.G.M.S. Treasurer not later than December 1.

The certificates for Senior Life Members, Junior Life Members, Life Directors and Memorials Gifts will be sent to Society Thank Offering Secretaries, Teen Age Sponsors and Junior Superintendents who will present them at their next meeting. A special presentation of certificates would be effective.

NEW THANK OFFERING CERTIFICATES

The W.G.M.S. Convention this year approved a new type of certificate for Life Memberships, Life Directorships, and Memorials. The new embossed certificates are smaller in size, neat and distinctive. They will fit into an ordinary-sized envelope, thus eliminating special packing and expensive postage. The process of handling will be simplified, thus assuring an earlier delivery to recipient.

"We who are Americans must be too big for shame;
We are the guardians of a faith from which our glory came.
Ours is a splendor truly won; in us the people trust;
We face the world as men who are great-hearted; kind and just;
And he who fails to play his part in high or little place
Shames not alone himself, but brings disgrace upon his race.

—*Source unknown*

Foreign Missions

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary
847 Thorn Street, Sewickley, Pa.

Dear Friends:

By the time you read your October copy of *Missionary Horizons*, I expect to be on my way to visit our United Presbyterian Missions in Africa.

The Mission in Egypt asked the Boards to send representatives from the Home Church to attend the Centennial Celebration on November 15, the actual date upon which the first missionaries arrived in Cairo. So the Women's Board voted that I should represent them and take their hearty greetings. It is my desire to visit each one of our WGMS missionaries in Egypt at her own station and to see something of her work there, and also to have a short visit to our Missions in Ethiopia and The Sudan, as time and circumstances permit.

This assignment has given me much serious thought and earnest prayer; and as I go to represent you I covet your prayers that I may faithfully carry your congratulations and best wishes to the Mission and Church in Egypt. It will be a joy to know that you at home will be joining in the fellowship of prayer and praise, which has been planned especially for November 15.

We thank God for the glorious past of the Mission in Egypt, and look forward with confidence in God's promises to the future, and join them in their Centennial theme: "Remember and Press On."

Sincerely yours,
Elizabeth Nelson McBride

THE WAYS AND WOES OF GHIMEERA

There are so many lepers and last week one contracted Tetanus. That is a fearsome disease and very infectious, so I am worried not to be able to sterilize the dressings properly. The man died and Mr. Haspels gallantly did the last offices for him. When I went to treat the lepers last Saturday morning (they used to come to the clinic but it is not good policy to mix them up with other patients) they told me that one of the men was in his house very sick. They described how he was and I concluded that he had either meningitis or Tetanus. Alas it was the latter and I did not find any anti-tetanus serum in stock (what I asked Daisy Russell to get for me came yesterday, for which I am thankful) so had to treat him without that essential medicine. He was right inside the door of his miserable little hut and the door was barely wide enough to let me pass. I dressed his ulcers and of course he was not able to lift his feet because he was half kneeling against a tree stump in his house. We buried the soiled dressings but none of the others would help me with him at all. They were all terrified. I went in the afternoon again to give him some sedative and some Penicillin by the injection route. I took a tin can and some tea and sugar so that he could have a hot drink at least. By then he had crawled away back to the darkest corner of the house and I had to crawl in through the narrow door and over the fire to where he was while one of the women held up my dress to keep it off the fire. It was pitiful and I wept when I left. It was like an animal in there instead of a human being for whom the Lord died. There was a gourd hanging up in the hut but nothing else. Pitiful, it was. By Sabbath morning when I went in he was in the same dark corner. I had taken a flashlight by this time but the neighbor woman—leper too—who had helped him at first wouldn't even hold the flashlight for me while I lifted him and tried to force a little coffee between his clenched teeth. Quarters were so tight that I had hardly room for my feet in trying to

pick him up. I went back in the afternoon and by then he was hopelessly ill. I prayed the Lord to take him without further suffering if He saw fit, and either that night or early next morning he died. All the other lepers fled into the forest and didn't return until night. Mr. Haspels got some of the workmen to dig a grave on the Mission compound and he went valiantly and got the man wrapped ready for burial. He has a great soul, has Charlie Haspels, for he must have been revolted, having had no experience in touching the dead. He did it to save me for he knew none of the native people would touch him. Keis Gidada held a service at the grave but alas none of the lepers were there to see a Christian burial, or to hear the words of Life. When it came time to give the lepers their medicine and dress their sores again I sent for them to come to the Mission and took them into the church building to attend them. I asked them why they fled. Did they think they could flee from God? The spokesman answered for them saying: "We are but a stupid people." The occasion gave me an opportunity to point them to the way of life. I believe these people are even more in Satan's chains than the Majis are. Let us pray earnestly for them, and for me in my ministry to them, that they may meet the Lord.

Nessie F. Pollock, R.N.

GOOD RESULTS

(Avalon Girls' H. S., and Training Center, Pathankot, India)

Our 17 girls all passed in the Matriculation examination with 8 in the first Division and only one in the third Division. We were all so happy that we had to declare a holiday. And, while we can't claim 100% pass for our Training girls we think they did very well. We had no failures. Three came out in Compartment, which means that they failed in one subject and will have to appear for that next year. But for practical purposes they are counted as having passed and can teach in any recognized school for one year by which time they should pass in the subject in which they have failed. There were 17 in that class also. The new Training Class has just entered and are finding English, as usual, a difficulty. The standard of English at the Matric level is very low and the medium of instruction in the Training Center is English. It will not be long, I think, before they will have to swing over to Hindi as the medium.

PATHANKOT'S NEW PASTOR

We now have a new pastor for the Pathankot congregation and are so happy. Today was his first day of preaching and I think he is going to fit in well and I believe the people are going to like him. Padri Imam ud Din was our pastor for many years and was so feeble the last few years that he was not able for more than the preaching. Daniel Khushia Mall has just finished at the Saharanpur Seminary and is a quiet young fellow, but I think he is earnest and the type that people will like. He has a very pleasant young wife who was a teacher for a few years and they have a sweet little baby that has won the hearts of all. Do remember them as they start into this new work and as they get acquainted with the people. There is a big work to do in Pathankot.

MEMORIAL HOSPITAL NEWS

(Sialkot, Pakistan)

Within hours of my return I felt as though I had never left the place. I am at present the only American nurse and we have a large training school. We can be truly grateful for the fine National staff we have. They are helping with the teaching of the classes and make out the duties each month and are carrying many other responsibilities. They work well under the extra load and enjoy it. How we need to give thanks for them. We are planning to take in 15 new students in July as we are short. It

is by far the largest class we have taken in.

The interest shown in the Lord and heavenly things is greater than ever before. Many are coming out for baptism and many more are studying. They listen with an interest never known before. May the Holy Spirit work in their lives and hearts and convict them of the need for a Saviour. Continue to pray for the perfecting of His will in the lives of those who are seeking to know His will for their lives. Praise for the way He is working in the hearts and lives of these people. May our witness continue to be a faithful one in all we do and say.

I am also appalled at the increase in the poverty of the people and the increase in illness. Over half of the patients seen by the doctors these days are tubercular and many of them beyond hope or help.

My heart was thrilled today when word came that some money had been given towards a laundry. It has been my constant prayer that one would be forthcoming if the Lord wanted us to have it and it was necessary. I feel that it is His will and in time His way will become a reality.

Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N.

VISIONS

Are we moving too fast in the world today to have visions? One hundred years will have passed in 1955 since some consecrated people in the U.S.A. had a vision for our field here. Some came to labor here and others labored and prayed in the homeland that there might be strength for those on the field. The vision was passed down from generation to generation. Meanwhile the seed was sown by personal witness, by schools, by hospitals; and slowly, at times very slowly, the harvest began to come in.

Today there is a church and leaders of all kinds which make our hearts glad. But there is still a multitude of uneducated and untaught people. The Pakistan Christian financial assets are not great, however, so institutions are as yet dependent to a great extent on those in the U.S.A. who have a vision. Let us look at the financial and personnel aspect of the school problem. Schools receive Government grant and some fees to help. Teachers and other employees of Mission Schools receive much less in salaries than those in government positions. It means they, too, have to have a vision to stay in the work, for families at home need financial help that they cannot give. Often our hearts are sad as we feel those who help us need more remuneration but Boards in the U.S.A. have no more to send us. The missionaries have decreased in number. Five missionary ladies seem to be the extent of experienced personnel that can possibly be spared for school work in Pakistan. One is on furlough now and the others will be due furlough one each year for the next few years, then it will be time to start again! There are two Boarding Schools with classes One to Eight which need one each, a Normal and High School with classes of two years and classes One to Ten, respectively, which needs two with the present organization, a United Teacher Training Institution, for higher training than the one mentioned, which at the present has its Principal from our Mission. According to my mathematics that makes five necessary on the field and one more to allow furloughs to take place as a minimum.

Two years ago someone read an article entitled "Why" and came to Pakistan. Miss Marie Allison had a vision and is now in this school starting to gain the experience that will fit her to share in the burden of one of these schools. One year ago Miss Barbara Lewis came and is having her year of Language Study looking forward to teaching in Kinnaird College next year which has been searching for a representative from our Mission for at least ten years as we cooperate in this the only Christian Girls' College in Pakistan. This need was not included in my list above. The five experienced school workers

Marie Allison, the girl who read an article entitled "Why" and did something about it, is being given a garlanded welcome upon arrival at Sialkot.

are nearing the retirement time before long. Where are the five who need to be trained by that time by a term of service on the field to take the places of the others? Since this began the news of Miss Gene Purdy coming this year has arrived. Who are the other four with a vision?

Evelyn Cathcart,
American Mission Girls' Normal and High School, Sialkot City

"God uses the Christlike heart and mind to build His living temple."

SAVE THE CHIPS

One day we were invited by friends in the Chicago University Archaeological group to visit a temple and tomb across the river which had not yet been opened to the public. On the walls of the temple we noticed many places which had been chipped and on which were written dates. We were told these were places from which pieces had been stolen to be sold as antiquities. The dates marked the time the losses were discovered. These thefts were still being made from time to time. One of the historians said, "For that reason we are hurrying to get the walls photographed and recorded before more precious bits are lost forever." I thought to myself, "For that reason we must hurry in our evangelistic work before the many souls about us are lost forever."

Years ago some French archaeologists became interested in a pretty little girl they saw playing among the ruins and dirt of Gourna where the ancient royalty of Egypt were buried. After inquiries, they entered her in the American Mission school of Luxor as a boarder, where they paid all her expenses until she graduated. That little girl is now married and has been teaching to help finance her growing family while her husband went to seminary. He has just finished and is now appointed supply for six months in a village. We expect him to receive a call before long and he will be greatly helped by his

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

WGMS SHORT-TERM MISSIONARIES

EGYPT

Miss L. Vernelle Blair, 1952 ..... Cairo
Miss Ruth A. Brooks, R.N., 1953 ..... Assiut
Miss Mildred M. Cooke, R.N., 1951 ..... Assiut
Miss Eloise Crabbe, 1952 ..... Assiut
Miss Lela Dillon, 1954 ..... Assiut
Miss Lois A. Giffen, R.N., 1952 ..... Assiut
Miss Emogene A. Golding, R.N., 1952 ..... Tanta
Miss Bessie B. James, 1952 ..... Tanta
Miss Catherine M. Jamieson, 1952 ..... Cairo
Miss Marilyn R. Law, R.N., 1952 ..... Tanta
Miss Ruth L. Nolin, 1951 ..... Tanta
Miss Rosemarie Otte, 1952 ..... Cairo
Miss Lois M. Patterson, 1954 ..... Assiut
Miss Carolyn A. Phelps, 1954 ..... Assiut
Miss Ruth Romaine, 1953 ..... Assiut
Mrs. Alma P. Ross, 1953 ..... Tanta
#(Mrs. John C.) Dorothy Miller Spielman, 1954 ..... Cairo
Miss Mary Elizabeth Wilson, R.N., 1952 ..... Tanta

#Two-year term

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Miss Marjorie L. Feenstra, R.M. T. ..... Lahore
Miss Helen P. Vos, R.N. ..... Lahore

THE SUDAN

Miss Irene M. Adams, 1954 ..... Khartoum
Miss Minerva M. Campbell, 1954 ..... Khartoum
Miss Martha I. Pollock, 1953 ..... Malakal

ETHIOPIA

Miss Anna H. Ens, 1952 ... Box 1111, Addis Ababa

Note: In addressing these short-termers please remember to put "% American Mission" with each foreign address.

Temperance & Reform

MRS. W. J. H. McKNIGHT, Secretary,
36 Iroquois Drive, Pittsburgh 28, Pa.

I should like to pass on to you the following significant and challenging statements which were gleaned from the Institute at Loma Linda, and other sources:

"We are engaged in a very deadly conflict — more significant than the conflict against Communism. Unless something is done, and done quickly, about alcohol our civilization will decline." *Dr. Andrew C. Ivy.*

"The liquor problem is supremely the job of the Church—I believe that the very life of the Churches of America is at stake on the solution of the liquor problem." *Bishop Ralph S. Cushman.*

"The promotion of the beer sales, especially among our High School students is the worst threat we have to face." *Dr. Andrew C. Ivy.*

(See the March issue of *Better Homes And Gardens* for the story of a survey of drinking among High School students in Nassau County, N. Y.—the result of this survey is shocking.)

Dr. Ivy told of several experiments made to show the effect of alcohol on skill: (1) 60 men, given an average dose of 1.3 oz. alcohol were tested 40 minutes later with the following results: time required to make a decision increased 9.7%; time required to make a complex reaction was 17.4% longer; errors due to lack of attention increased 35.3%; errors due to lack of coordination were increased 59.7%. (Apply this to driving and you have the answer to much of the terrible slaughter on our highways.) (2) Typists were tested after consuming an amount of alcohol equivalent to that contained in one and one-third bottles of beer, and found to make 39% more errors! (3) Tony Bettenhausen, an all-star champion auto driver was tested after being given 2 oz. of whiskey. Forty-five minutes later he had a 25% impairment—this experiment was done on Tony to show that a small amount of alcohol will even impair the ability of an *expert.*

Concerning the statement that many newspapers have sold out to the liquor forces, Dr. Haven Emerson, one of the most widely quoted authorities in the field of alcohol education, said at Loma Linda, "I would like to see in connection with the newspaper account of every alcohol-caused accident, an item telling what brand the driver drank, when he drank it, etc. I am not concerned with the *make* of the car, nor the year it was made, but with what the fellow at the wheel had *in* him. We are too gentle about telling the whole truth."

Dr. Emerson also said: "There should be no limit to our efforts to effect every possible legislation to limit the liquor traffic. But Education must precede any effective legislation. I am still of the opinion that in the long haul, it is education that counts."

"Americans spend on the average

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

Literature Department

MRS. JAMES T. VORHIS, Secretary,
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

SOMETHING OLD

The Missionary Reading Course is now 20 years old. Will you receive your 20th award this year, or do you know someone who will? I would like to have the names of those who will have completed 20 years and the name of the church to which each belongs. Such an achievement is worthy of recognition.

SOMETHING NEW

1955 Reading Course lists will be ready Dec. 1.

1955 *Prayer Cycles* should be ready about Dec. 15. Please send all *Prayer Cycle* orders to the Literature Department. *Prayer Cycles* will be 10 cents each. Orders for *Program Calendars* should go to Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold, 510 S. Trenton Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa. You will receive your order more promptly and save us time and energy if you order from the correct source.

There will be a new *Junior Packet* of materials on the Punjab sometime before the first of the year. Watch the church papers for announcement of date and price.

Several new Stewardship leaflets have been secured. *Shall I Tithe?*—1¢, *First Fruits or Residue*—2¢, *My Money* (for Juniors)—3¢.

SOMETHING BORROWED

Small (8½"x11") maps of our mission fields for use in study classes. These maps were prepared by the Board of Foreign Missions and are available on India-Pakistan, the Punjab, Ethiopia, South Sudan, North Sudan, Egypt and South Sudan tribes. Each 3 cents.

SOMETHING BLUE

A new *Catalog of Supplies* is being prepared and a copy will be relayed to each society by way of the Presbyterial Literature Secretary. When you receive your copy please burn, tear up or otherwise destroy all previous editions. Study the blue one and order from it.

* * *

The above may sound like a June wedding but I am thinking of Christmas. It is a hot day as I write but these easy shopping suggestions will keep you cool and untroubled later in the Fall.

For a young couple—*The Recovery of Family Life* by Elton and Pauline Trueblood, $1.50.

Your Bible School Class—*My Bible and I* by Dr. A. H. Baldinger, 25¢, or *This Is Your Church*, 15¢.

Any church member—*The Church We Love* by Wilbur La Roe, Jr., $1.25 or *Forward Through the Ages* by Basil Matthews, $2.75.

A young man or woman — *Conqueror in Chains* (a very interestingly written life of Paul) by Donald Miller, $2.50.

Small grandchildren (under 6)—*The Nursery Book Satchel* (contains four small picture books telling the stories of children of other lands)—$1.75.

(Order these books from the United Presbyterian Book Store and make checks to Dr. Samuel W. Shane, Treas.)

The family—*Missionary Horizons* with its last-minute reports on United Presbyterian mission work both at home and abroad, $1.50 a year. Send subscriptions to Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold (address above).

LOOKING AHEAD

An occasional look ahead will make your society function more efficiently. Do not wait till the last minute to order supplies. We do our best but sometimes we receive your order too late to get material to you when you need it. Have you ordered Thank-offering supplies? The time is short. Will you be planning an In-

stallation service for your new officers in January? We have a leaflet of suggestions.

PRAYER CYCLES

Prayer Cycle orders are dated and filled in the order received. We do not receive our 24,000 copies at one time, but spread over a period of six to eight weeks, the first ones about Dec. 15. Since we usually have several hundred orders before we receive any *Cycles* there may be a time-lag between the date we receive your order and the date it is mailed to you. Please allow three weeks to pass before you write to us again. If you do write please include this information—the date of your original order, the name of the person who sent it, and whether or not you inclosed money or a check and the amount. This will save us time in checking. Be sure your address is on the letter.

CORRECTION

The price of the *South Sudan* in the "May We Introduce" series is 35 cents for one copy; three copies for $1.00.

PHARAOH'S GREEN PASTURES

(Continued from Page 95)

scabby heads, so we have set aside Monday especially for heads, and Tuesday for eyes. Wednesday is for general First Aid; Thursday heads again, and Friday eyes. Saturday is for everything, and usually somebody goes along with us to one of the hospitals as we return to Assiut. At the beginning, only the men would come to us, but one day a man broke the ice and brought his wife. Now, men and women come in equal numbers. This development meant a lot to us, for it told us that the village people had confidence in us if they would trust us to the point of breaking their custom by permitting their wives to expose themselves to the public and come to our project.

I would like to relay to you an experience we had with a kind old man who was badly burned when his mat house burned to the ground. He went to the hospital first, but was discharged before the burns on his back and neck were healed. After returning to his village living conditions, he soon had infection over large areas, and you could actually smell the rotten skin twenty feet away—even with the wind blowing the other direction! He came to us for help, and we took him to the government hospital. There he was readily admitted again, but only as a daily treatment patient. We took him back and forth to the hospital many times, and when it wasn't convenient for us to go by automobile, we let him use one of our donkeys. Finally his wounds were healed, and he was very grateful for the time we had spent with him. His appreciation was shown several weeks later by his inviting us to his nephew's wedding which took place in our village of Afadra. We were, of course, very glad for this rare experience. Not only was it an honor for us to be at the wedding, but it was one way in which he could express his thanks. I am sure that this man is our friend for life.

We are trying to make our First Aid help not just a hand-out, but to educate the people who come to a few principles of health and cleanliness. Most of the farmers don't know the meaning of the word "cleanliness." They wonder *why* we refuse to put drops in their eyes until their faces are clean, but it is surprising how many of them are appearing with cleaner, smiling faces. I would like to go into more detail, and tell you of more experiences, but that is hardly possible now. Amir, Galie, Ken and I all feel and hope that this small part of our village project will continue in operation which gives people more confidence in our project as a whole. Before we can help people most effectively, they must trust us completely, and know that we are here to serve, and to help them help themselves.

Tributes

Mrs. A. A. Graham

The WMS of the U. P. Church, Cambridge, Mass., wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. A. A. Graham, widow of the late Rev. Dr. A. A. Graham, pastor of the Cambridge Church who was called to her reward March 10, 1954. She was a life member of the WGMS, and president of our Society for many years; also an active member of the Cambridge WCTU. Was loved as superintendent of our Primary department. Her quiet Christian life was an inspiration to all who had the privilege of working with her, and her influence is still felt in our Society today.

We extend to her loved ones our sincerest sympathy and commend them to the Master whom she loved and served. Well done, good and faithful servant, Enter thou into the joy of your Lord.

Committee
Gladys Crouse
Mary Smith

Mrs. Nancy B. Garlick
Mrs. R. M. McPherson

The Women's Missionary Society of Lisbon, Ohio, mourns the loss of two valued members whose active interest in the Master's work bore witness to their deeply spiritual natures.

Having passed her ninety-second birthday, Mrs. Nancy B. Garlick was called to rest, Feb. 5, 1954. Almost to the close of her earthly life she was able to attend the regular church services.

Mrs. R. M. McPherson, for some time WMS treasurer, passed to her eternal home May 3, 1954.

Miss Julia A. Rush

On June 26, 1954 Amoret U P Church and the WMS lost one of their most faithful members, Miss Julia A. Rush. She had been a member of our church for more than 27 years, having come by letter from the Methodist Church. Miss Julia worked faithfully as Supt. of the Primary Department, and was teacher for the True Blue Class and President of the WMS for many years. She never failed to do her part in caring for the sick. Her sweet Christian life will linger with us. "She being dead yet speaketh." Committee

Mrs. Georgina Stewart Birch

The members of the Lillian McConnell Missionary Society and the Protheon Bible Class of the United Presbyterian Church of Turtle Creek wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Georgina Stewart Birch, who passed away June 5, 1954.

Mrs. Birch was a life member of the WGMS and also a member of the Protheon Bible Class. She was an earnest and faithful worker in all the activities of the church and served as secretary for both missionary society and class for many years.

The beauty of her life will always be an inspiration to all who knew her.

We shall always cherish her memory. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her loved ones and commend them to the care of the Heavenly Father, whom she loved and served faithfully.

Lillian McConnell Women's Missionary Soc.
Protheon Bible Class

Mrs. Jennie Harper

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Ewart, Iowa, wishes to pay a tribute of love and appreciation to the memory of Mrs. Jennie Harper, who passed away July 8, 1954.

A devout Christian, she gave unreservedly of her time, talents and strength in her Christian service. She was especially interested in her Sunday School classes. The Christian lives of many young men and women are testimony to her early teaching.

She was a Life member of the WGMS and held many offices in the Ewart WMS. Her passing will leave a vacancy which will be hard to fill, but we all feel that our lives were enriched by knowing her.

To her loved ones we extend deepest sympathy and commend them to God's care.

The Committee

Mrs. Adda Reed

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Belle Center, Ohio, pays loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Adda Reed, who went to her heavenly home, May 22, 1954. She was devoted to her church, always present at all the services when her health permitted. She was an ardent Christian in every respect, helping in any way she could to further Christ's Kingdom. er kindness to everyone will be greatly missed by all who knew her. She was always ready to help where needed in a very unassuming manner, doing each task in a humble way. Her faith and trust in God is a memory we shall always cherish. Her devout Christian life will always be an inspiration to all who knew her. We wish to extend our sympathy to her loved ones.

Committee Mrs. Walter Glasgow
Mrs. John McKirahan

Mrs. Jennie Austin

The Women's Missionary Society of West Newton, Pennsylvania wishes to pay a loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Jennie Austin for many years active member and a faithful member when unable to be present in persons. Her long years of loyal service to her church and to her Master will continue to be an inspiration to all who knew her. She knew Him "Whom to know is life eternal."

Te her children and other loved ones, we extend our deepest sympathy. Committee

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INDIAN MISSIONS

Miss Agnes Ruth Bond.....
.....Wheelock Academy, Millerton, Okla.
Lealie B. Smith.....R.D. 1, Stilwell, Okla.
Rev. E. W. Machamer.....Warm Springs, Oregon
Rev. Louis Mitchell.....Tama, Iowa
Mr. E. A. Penney.....Simnasho, Oregon
Rev. F. C. Patterson, Oljato Christian Mission...
.....Kayenta, Arizona
Freight and Express address..Flagstaff, Arizona

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS

FRENCHBURG, KY. CHURCH

Rev. James E. Eddy, Minister.....Frenchburg, Ky.

FRENCHBURG, KY, SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Arthur Gathman..Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Marian Scott, Prin. H. S....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Lester McCauley, Prin. Grades..Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. David Anderson.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Carolyn Arndt.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Clay Banks.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Childs.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Florence Eller, Dorm. Matron..Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Virginia Hager.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Irene Hays.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Hesselink.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Alice Hughes.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Janet Jones.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. S. O. Linderholm.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. S. O. Linderholm, Secretary..Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alberta McBride.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen McCoy.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Reba Moody.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Rebecca Morriss.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Barbara Novosal.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Clinnie Patterson, Clothing..Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bertha Pecht.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Robert Randall.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Leah Stephens.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. John Teed, Maintenance.....Frenchburg, Ky.

JANE COOK HOSPITAL

Glendine Lundquist, Supervisor...Frenchburg, Ky.
Mary O. Cochran, R.N.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Jeannette M. Mannix, R.N.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Betty J. Hatton, R.N.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Berna Phelps, L.P.N.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Prudy Dalton, L.P.N.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Bernice J. Olson, Technician.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Joan Johnston, Office.....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Emma Brooks, Dietitian.....Frenchburg, Ky.

EZEL, KENTUCKY CHURCH

Rev. Homer Haines.....Ezel, Ky.

EZEL KENTUCKY SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Wm. A. Heagen.....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Larue Millen, Principal.....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Wanda Aigner.....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth A. Bemis.....Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Albert H. H. Dorsey, Agriculture...Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Homer C. Haines.....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Zillah Hawthorne, Secretary.....Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Glen Helton.....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Beulah Hogan.....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Betty Kasbek.....Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Fred S. (Ann Adair) McGeoch.....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gladys Millen.....Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Ottis Murphy.....Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Ora Myahier.....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gene Purdy.....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lois Raube.....Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Stanley Trimble, Coach.....Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Elisa Hulick, Clothes Room.....Ezel, Ky.

Boxes sent to Frenchburg by parcel post or motor freight should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Frenchburg, Ky., and those sent by railroad or express should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Mt. Sterling, Ky. For Ezel, to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Ezel, Ky., if by parcel post or motor freight, but to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Mt. Sterling, Ky., if sent by railroad freight or express.

CITY AND PRESBYTERIAL

Miss Jean Dickey.....
Room 410, 270 Fairmont Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Miss Esther M. Jones..422 Greenleaf, Evanston, Ill.
Miss Dorothy Partington.....Westland, Pa.
Mrs. R. G. Russell.....
.....36 Church St., Burgettstown, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Miss Margaret Beveridge.....
.....U. P. Home, Washington, Ia.
Miss Sallie E. Dickey.....
.....% D. H. Dickey, 127 Church St., Punxsutawney, Pa.

NEGRO MISSIONS

ARLINGTON INSTITUTE

Mr. K. P. Thomas, Superintendent..Annemanie, Ala.
Miss Georga Lee Jackson.....Annemaine, Ala.
Mrs. Willie Knight.....Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. K. P. Thomas.....Annemanie, Ala.

CAMDEN ACADEMY

Supt. and Mrs. A. C. Peoples.....Camden, Ala.
Mr. Harry W. McKeldin, Ass't Prin...Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie T. Alford.....Camden, Ala.
Mr. William B. Ballard.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Hazel Ballard.....Camden, Ala.
Miss Francis Boyd.....Camden, Ala.
Mr. Rudolph Cooper.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Nora S. Daniels.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Amanda E. Freeman.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Izetta S. McCaskill.....Camden, Ala.
Mr. Thomas Van McDowell.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Parrish.....Camden, Ala.
Miss Geraldyne Pettway.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Neola P. Reese.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mayme Smith.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mattie L. Street.....Camden, Ala.
Miss Mabel Thomas.....Camden, Ala.
Mr. James Tyree.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mildred Tyree.....Camden, Ala.
Miss Lizzie Washington.....Camden, Ala.
Miss Alice B. Whitaker.....Camden, Ala.
Miss Cora Whorter.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. B. D. Bridges, Dietitian.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Sarah W. Rivers, Matron.....Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie Peoples, Laundress.....Camden, Ala.
Mr. Martin Dees, Maintenance.....Camden, Ala.
Rev. James Reese, Pastor
at Camden and Miller's Ferry.....Camden, Ala.

THYNE INSTITUTE

Mrs. Grayce S. Hudley, Bible.....Chase City, Va.

JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Supt....Henderson, N. C.
Miss Gertrude Allen, R.N.....Henderson, N. C.
(Four other graduate nurses)
(Twelve other aides and workers)

HENDERSON INSTITUTE

Miss Eva Thomas, Bible.....Henderson, N. C.

KNOXVILLE COLLEGE

Mrs. Geneva Arnold.....Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Lillian Jenkins.....Knoxville, Tenn.
Mr. Paul Redden.....Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mozelle Robinson.....Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Mabel Weir.....Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mildred Wellman.....Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Elberta Woods.....Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. P. H. Parker,
Church Missionary.....Knoxville, Tenn.

MILLER'S FERRY MISSION

Supt. and Mrs. B. T. Ridgeway..Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Edith Ervin.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Ferdinand Ervin.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Olivia Hamilton.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Curtis Lewis.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Darthular Mangram.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. C. T. Patterson.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Roma Patterson.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Frederick Reese.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Gloria Ridgeway.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Alice R. Scott.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Thomas Threadgill, Bible..Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Dorothy Veasley.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. N. D. Williams.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Annie M. McDowell,
Girls' Matron.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Herman Bridges,
General Worker.....Miller's Ferry, Ala.

PRAIRIE, ALA.

Mr. William T. Peters, Supt.....Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Helena Shelby.....Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Leola Jackson.....Prairie, Ala.
Miss Vashti Jones.....Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. D. C. McCall.....Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. William T. Peters.....Prairie, Ala.
Rev. C. C. Brown, Pastor at Prairie and Annemanie
625 Jeff Davis Ave., Selma, Ala.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Mrs. Patsy Kennedy.....
.....717½ Norwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Miss Josephine Warren.....
% Rev. Irvin Elligan, 819 College Ave., N.W., Knoxville, Tenn.
Rev. and Mrs. D. F. White.....
.....825 First Avenue, Selma, Alabama

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE W. G. M. S.

% American Mission should be added to each foregin address

EGYPT

Mrs. Sara E. Baker, 1950 ..... Assiut
Miss Mary Frances Dawson, 1922; 1945 ..... Cairo
Miss Marjorie J. Dye, 1951 ..... Cairo
Miss Lois M. Finney, 1953 ..... Cairo
Miss Davida M. Finney, 1915 ..... Cairo
Miss Elsie M. French, 1909 ..... Cairo
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921 ..... Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929 ..... Tanta
Miss Faith E. Hamilton, 1954 ..... Cairo
Miss L. Katherine Jacobsen, 1954 ..... Cairo
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 ..... Benha
Miss Mary L. Markley, 1954 ..... Cairo
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915 ..... Cairo
Miss Beatrice H. McClellan, 1948 ..... Luxor
Miss Jeannette L. McCrory, 1916 .....
..... 37 Sidi el Metwali, Alexandria
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919; 1949 ..... Cairo
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1923 ..... Cairo
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921 ..... Beni Suef
Miss Frances M. Patton, 1922 ..... Mansura
Mrs. Rachel T. Seiver, 1925 ..... Fayoum
Miss Norma Lee Squires, 1954 ..... Cairo
Miss Inez M. Sutton, 1949 ..... Luxor
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925; 1948 ..... Assiut
Miss Alberta A. Tedford, R.N., 1947 ..... Tanta
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939 ..... Tanta
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 ..... Assiut
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932 .....
..... 9 Sharia Massoud, Abbassia, Cairo
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921 ..... Minia

On Furlough

Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R.N., 1931 .....
..... % Mrs. T. H. Bruce, 2824 Moraine Ave., Dayton 6, O.
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926 .....
..... 155 Beechwood Rd., New Wilmington, Pa.
Miss Alice M. Grimes, 1924 .....
..... % Mrs. Delbert Hutchison, Claysville, Pa.
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 .....
..... 923 6th St., N., Nampa, Idaho
Miss Martha A. Roy, 1938 .....
..... 1 E. High St., New Concord, Ohio
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930 .....
..... 299 W. Second Ave., Columbus 1, Ohio
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924** .....
..... E. Platte Ave., Fort Morgan, Colo.

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Miss M. Marie Allison, 1953 ..... Pasrur
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924 ..... Lahore
Miss Margaret E. Ballantyne, 1941 .....
..... No. 10 Mall Rd., Jhelum
Miss R. Jean Black, 1921 ..... Sangla Hill
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1927; 1937 ..... Lyallpur
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Audrey C. Campbell, 1953 ..... Sargodha
Miss Florence M. Carithers, R.N., 1953 ..... Taxila
Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N., 1926 ..... Pasrur
Miss M. Evelyn Cathcart, 1925 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Margaret J. Fehlman, 1918 ..... Rawalpindi
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N.A., 1924 ..... Jhelum
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938 ..... Sargodha
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921 ..... Taxila
Miss Mary H. Lentz, R.N., 1950 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Barbara A. Lewis, 1953 .....
..... Kinnaird College, Lahore
Miss M. Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920 ..... Sargodha
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938 ..... Sheikhupura
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 ..... Sangla Hill
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930 ..... Gujranwala
Miss Gene A. Purdy, 1954 ..... Gujranwala
Miss Louise E. Scott, 1916 ..... Gujranwala
Miss Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N., 1947 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928 ..... Campbellpur
Miss Josephine L. White, 1951 ..... Sialkot City

On Furlough

Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931 .....
..... 2612 Montgomery, Detroit 6, Mich.
Miss Edith M. Drake, 1947 .....
..... 248 S. Market St., New Wilmington, Pa.
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1938 ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1937 .....
..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924 .....
..... 320 Bennett Rd., Buffalo 25, N. Y.

PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922 ..... Dhariwal
Miss S. Jane Lamont, 1928 ..... Pathankot
Miss Dorothy M. Neff, 1952 ..... Pathankot
Miss Willa M. Ramsey, 1921 ..... Pathankot
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 ..... Pathankot

THE SUDAN

Miss Mary Anna Bode, 1952 ..... Omdurman
Miss Mary E. Cole, 1919 ..... Wad Medani
Miss Una Cole, 1918 ..... Gedaref
Miss Beverly J. Day, 1953 ..... Omdurman
Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1940 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Marian I. Farquhar, 1945 ..... Nasir
Miss Rosaltha Kenagy, 1950 ..... Khartoum North
Miss Aleta J. Matthews, 1946 .....
..... Box 34, Khartoum North
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922 ..... Atbara
Miss Dorothy L. Rankin, 1946 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944 ..... Nasir
Miss M. Evelyn Stewart, 1953 ..... Omdurman
Miss Helena G. Tetley, 1951 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921 .....
..... P. O. Box 155, El Obeid
Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort, 1949 .....
..... Ler via Adok, U.N.P., White Nile Mail Service
Miss Ruth E. Wilson, 1951 ..... Omdurman

On Furlough

Miss Marguerite M. McClellan, 1926 .....
..... 228 S. Water St., Olathe, Kansas
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930 .....
..... 428 N. 16th St., San Jose, Calif

ETHIOPIA

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N., 1920 ..... Ghimeera
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 ..... Saye
Miss Eileen Halewood, R.N., 1947 ..... Maji
Miss Norma H. Knieriemen, R.N., 1953 ..... Addis Ababa
Miss Martha A. Maxwell, R.N., 1951 ..... Saye
Miss Ruth E. McCreery, 1950 ..... Addis Ababa
Miss Hazel J. McGeary, 1946 ..... Maji
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1933 ..... Addis Ababa
Mrs. A. W. Pollock, R.N., 1942 ..... Addis Ababa
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923 ..... Ghimeera
Miss Joan E. Yllek, 1948 ..... Addis Ababa
Send all Ethiopia mail to Box 1111, Addis Ababa.

On Furlough

Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N., 1933** .....
578 Sheffield Drive, Springfield, Delaware Co., Pa.
Miss Mary Nell Harper, R.N., 1948 .....
..... 2718 Pine St., Everett, Wash.
Miss Marguerite M. Lienard, 1948 .....
..... 18951—40th Pl., N.E., Seattle 55, Wash.

Under Appointment

Miss Louisa G. Hines, R.N., 1953 .....
..... 196 Pleasant St., Brockton, Mass.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911 .....
... United Presbyterian Home, Washington, Iowa
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909 .....
..... 1214 5th Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1908; 1918 .....
..... 225 E. Broadway, Newton, Kansas
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894 .....
..... 121 North 7th St., Sterling, Kansas
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899 ..... Assiut, Egypt
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921 .....
..... 5528 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918 .....
... % U.P. Home for Children, R.D. 1, Mars, Pa.
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906 .....
..... 1203 E. Washington St., Washington, Ia.
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902 .....
..... 1444 Indiana Ave., Connersville, Ind.
Miss M. Stella Robertson, 1922 .....
..... Five Shoregate, Crail, Fife, Scotland
Mrs. Jane Smith Simpson, 1922 .....
..... 228 E. Main St., Ligonier, Pa.
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911 .....
..... 102 W. Poplar St., Grove City, Pa.
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904 .....
..... 306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919 .....
... % Mrs. McCallister, 315 Fourth St., Carmi, Ill.
Miss Ida Whiteside, 1913; 1925 .....
..... 25 Prospect St., Greenwich, N. Y.
Miss Ruth M. Williamson 1924; 1944 .....
..... 505 S. Main St., Greensburg, Pa.
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919 .....
..... % Mrs. John McCain, 322 Bridge St., West Bridgewater, Pa.

PAKISTAN-INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881 .....
..... 306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908 .....
..... 754—22nd St., San Diego 2, Calif.
Miss M. Lois Boyd, 1918 ..... % Mrs. John Smiley, 311 N. St. Louis St., Sparta, Ill.
Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884 .....
..... Box 992, Santa Ana, California
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913 .....
..... 6549 Emerald Ave., Chicago 21, Ill.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 ..... Eldora, Iowa
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903 .....
..... 306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904 .....
..... 425 N. Galloway St., Xenia, Ohio
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891 .....
..... 325 W. 7th St., Rushville, Indiana
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902 .....
..... 306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Georga Wengert, 1919 ..... Lebo, Kansas

THE SUDAN

Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912 .....
..... 21 Caroline Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924 .....
..... 3210 Olive St., Kansas City, Mo.
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911; 1919 .. Lenox, Iowa

**Leave of absence for family reasons.

(Note: All short-termers are listed in the Foreign Department.)

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES UNDER THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

c/o American Mission should be added to each foreign address

EGYPT

Mr. and Mrs. Judson W. Allen ..... Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. Eugene H. Ammon ..... Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. Ewing M. Bailey
..... 3 Sharia Mehalia, Heliopolis, Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. K. G. Fleming ..... Alexandria
Dr. and Mrs. Paul W. Jamison ..... Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. N. A. Kraft ..... Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. John G. Lorimer ..... Mansura
Rev. and Mrs. Paul H. McClanahan ..... Assiut
Mr. Everett W. McCreery ..... Assiut
Rev. H. A. McGeoch, D.D. ..... Alexandria
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. McGill ..... Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. McLaughlin ..... Fayoum
*Rev. and Mrs. George E. Morrison ..... Luxor
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nolin ..... Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. James W. Pollock ..... Tanta
Rev. and Mrs. Bernard E. Quick ..... Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. Walter J. Skellie ..... Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. John A. Thompson ..... Cairo
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Turnbull ..... Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Watkins ..... Assiut

On Furlough

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Elder
..... 5450 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Mrs. H. A. McGeoch
..... Lakeside Ave., New Concord, Ohio
Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Hutchison
..... R. D. 1, Claysville, Pa.

PUNJAB, INDIA

Rev. and Mrs. L. A. McCulloch ..... Dhariwal
Dr. and Mrs. J. Morgan McKelvey ..... Gurdaspur

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Rev. and Mrs. Joseph C. Alter ..... Sialkot
*Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Blocksma
..... United Christian Hospital, Lahore
Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown ..... Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Christy ..... Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. E. V. Clements ..... Pasrur
Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Cummings ..... Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. Robert A. Foster ..... Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Glasman ..... Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. John D. Harkness ..... Sargodha
*Mrs. Horace J. McGuill ..... Taxila
Rev. and Mrs. C. Emerson McBane ..... Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. Paul A. Miller ..... Gujranwala
Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Millson ..... Jhelum
Dr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Milne ..... Qila Sheikhupura
Rev. and Mrs. Paul Pulliam ..... Sialkot
Dr. and Mrs. Harris J. Stewart ..... Gujranwala
Dr. R. R. Stewart ..... Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Sutherland ..... Taxila
Dr. and Mrs. Robert F. Tebbe ..... Rawalpindi
Dr. and Mrs. John Vroon ..... Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. John W. Wilder ..... Rawalpindi

On Furlough

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Colvin ..... R. D. 1, Sussex, Wis.
Dr. and Mrs. Norval E. Christy
..... 401 W. Chelten Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.
Dr. and Mrs. Orval L. Hamm ..... Gardner, Kansas
Mr. and Mrs. Irvin G. Lotze
..... 2918 Regent St., Berkeley 5, Calif.
Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ross ..... Sterling, Kansas
Rev. and Mrs. G. LeRoy Selby
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#Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Arnold ..... Akobo, via Malakal
#Rev and Mrs. C. Lee Crandall ..... Akobo, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. James R. Deemer ..... Omdurman
#Mr. and Mrs. Lambert B. Ekster
..... Mundri, via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. Leander Finley ..... Omdurman
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Dr. and Mrs. A. G Roode ..... Pibor, via Malakal
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Dr. and Mrs. W. D. McClure
..... 239 N. Walnut St., Blairsville, Pa.
Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth Rasmussen
..... 4476 Highridge Ave., Pittsburgh 14, Pa.

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Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Haspels
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Dr. and Mrs. F. C. McClanahan ..... New Wilmington, Pa.
Dr. and Mrs. N. D. McClanahan
..... R. R. 3, Monmouth, Ill.
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Miss Olive F. Braham ..... Cairo
Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper ..... Assiut
Miss Mary P. Craig ..... Cairo
Miss Wilma G. Duff ..... Assiut
Miss Neva J. Galloway ..... Cairo
Mr. G. Kenneth Gordon ..... Assiut
Miss Sarah L. Hill ..... Cairo
Miss Esther O. Hofstetter ..... Assiut
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THE SUDAN

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TEMPERANCE AND REFORM
(Continued from Page 122)

of about $17,000 every minute for alcoholic beverages. This is over $1,000,000 every hour!" *Listen Magazine.*

"It has been a little more than a billion minutes since Christ was born. Our liquor bill last year amounted to more than *nine* dollars for every minute since Christ was born." *Evangelist Jack Shuler* in the booklet, *Liquor—Destroyer of Men and Nations.*

The concluding paragraph of a fine article in the most recent issue of *Listen* follows: "Another proof that alcohol is bad medicine is that it dulls sensitivity to wrongdoing, so that a once perfectly pure girl can find herself pregnant after a drinking party. Both sexes can become infected with social diseases and be charged with murder and other crimes that they would not have committed if they had not drunk themselves into a state of *moral coma.* So, tell all your friends to heed the advice of many experts who tell young people — and old — 'Be smart and avoid liquor'."

"Three out of every ten drinkers may become addicts, and a person may die from the effects of alcohol without ever having been a real drunkard." *Dr. William J. Mayo.*

FOREIGN MISSIONS
(Continued from Page 121)

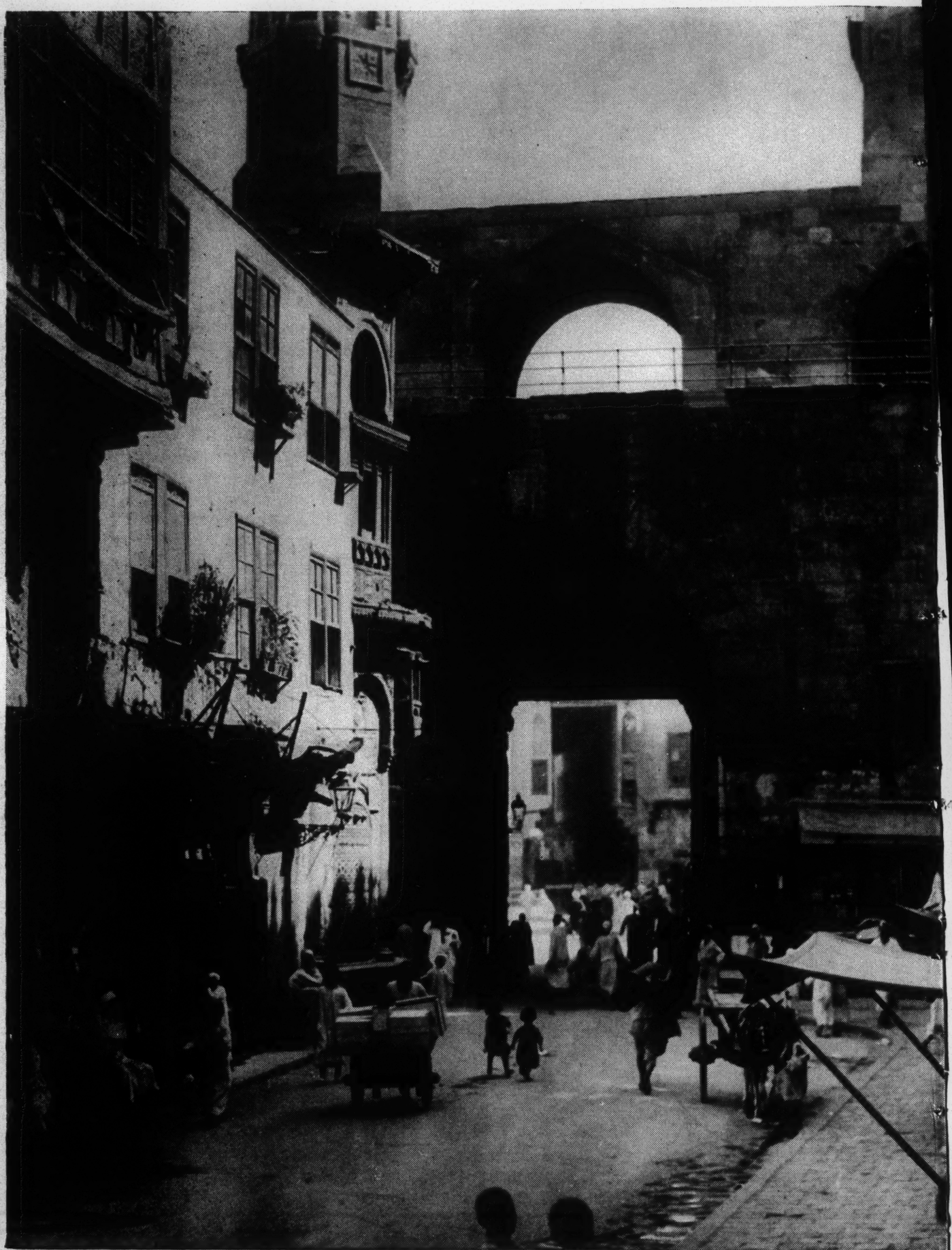
educated Christian wife, a "precious bit" saved from ruins of Gourna.

In our top class this year we have some very interesting girls who, for one reason or another, will not be back with us next year in the new class. Mary is the daughter of a pastor and a very lovely girl, but she has had difficulty with her lessons and has had to repeat a year more than once. In spite of this she is a leader, pretty and happy, and we feel she would make a good teacher of little children. But she will likely be kept at home next year and until she is married. Her older sister has not been allowed to do anything since finishing school but sit at home awaiting a bridegroom.

Linda is the daughter of a pastor of the Holiness Church and has been a boarder in our school for about six years. She would like to enter Nurses' Training School next year but her father and family have the old-fashioned prejudice against nursing, judging it dishonorable because nurses have to do some menial labor and care for men patients as well as women. We have been working through Holiness missionaries to influence Linda's father, and the teachers have been praying with us and Linda, that the way may be opened for her to enter nurses' training in September. She is a nice bright girl but not the teacher type and she knows it. She is a good Christian and we pray she may be allowed to serve where God wants her.

Ihsan is a lovely non-Christian girl who has been a boarder four years with us following four years in a Catholic primary school in Assiut. Not only has she always been at the top of her class, but she has been most cooperative in every way and has shown a very unselfish spirit. Next year she hopes to enter the university and ultimately study medicine. She wants to serve and says when she becomes a doctor, she will not take pay from her poor patients. Pray that she may come to love and acknowledge her Lord and Saviour.

Martha C. Glass, Luxor, Egypt



Permission of Philip Gendr

In the streets of Cairo one sees the old and the new as people mingle on errands of business and pleasure